









## Horticultural.

## MICHIGAN STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

## The June Meeting at Ionia.

The June meeting of the Michigan Horticultural Society opened at Ionia last Tuesday afternoon under the auspices of the Ionia County Horticultural Society, and a meeting which was looked forward to by those interested in horticultural matters as promising to be the most successful one ever held in the State, came very near proving a failure. It was from no lack of interest taken in the meeting by the Ionia people, but was owing to the weather. Rain was falling quite heavily at the opening, and continued with but slight intervals throughout. The committee in charge of the meeting had expected themselves to make it a success, and ample arrangements were made to accommodate visitors. Those who attended were well repaid, as the papers read and the discussions were more than usually instructive and interesting.

At two o'clock President T. T. Lyon called the meeting to order, and reports were received concerning the prospects of the fruit crop in Michigan. From these reports it appeared that apples promise a light yield; raspberries are excellent, blackberries and pears were damaged considerably by the late frosts. Strawberries are a heavy crop, and peaches promise a large yield.

Mr. E. Le Valley recommended several varieties of peaches. A. D. Healy objected to Hill's Chili, as after it reached the age of six years, it was worthless on account of its liability to rot.

Secretary Sterling, of the Belle Isle Park Commission, was in attendance, and gave a brief description of the park and the proposed improvements. He was listened to attentively, and the general sentiment of those in attendance was that Detroit in the near future would have a park that would equal in beauty anything in the country.

The discussion of the question, "Difficulties in the way of Roadside Planting," was opened by Secretary Garfield, who was decidedly in favor of the planting, and said that the objection to tree planting on road ground, as tending to make muddy roads, was without any foundation in fact.

President Lyon mentioned as valuable roadside trees, the maple, elm, white ash, tulip-tree and basswood. He thought that soil had much to do with selection of trees. He said that the horse-chestnut will not do well on light soil.

E. Le Valley gave it as his experience that the elm and catalpa species were the best for low lands.

J. H. Kidd objected to the catalpa and poplar, but strongly recommended the elm.

Mr. Brown thought that nature was the best guide, and trees left standing were better than those planted.

Prof. Tracy recommended irregular planting as giving variety to the landscape.

Mr. Healy believed in cultivating the ground, while Mr. Webber recommended the placing of stones about them to prevent the wind shaking them. President Lyon said a tree of any size could be transplanted, the only question being the labor and money requisite.

## EVENING SESSION.

The evening session was opened with prayer by the Rev. A. Van Alstin, and music by W. E. Kelsey, Miss Edith Milligan, Mrs. L. P. Brown, Mrs. Kelsey presiding at the piano.

The Rev. Charles Fluhrer, of Grand Rapids, read an interesting essay entitled, "Glimpses of Gardens in Foreign Lands." He gave very fine and detailed descriptions of gardens in London and Paris, but as we propose to publish the paper in full in a future issue we will make no extracts from it.

The next thing on the programme was a paper from Mrs. Alice B. Garfield, entitled "Lights and Shadows in the Flower Garden." Owing to the weather Mrs. Garfield was unable to be present, but the paper was very acceptably read by her husband, the genial secretary of the Society, and was generously applauded. The following is the paper:

"As I have been thinking of the topic 'Lights and Shadows in the Flower Garden' it has seemed to me that there were more lights and shadows in my brain than in the flower garden; for each time I caught or imagined I had caught a ray of light that would help me to develop some of my ideas into something more than mere seedlings of the brain, I have looked just beyond and seen a shadow approaching that immediately cast the minute germinations into gloom and caused them to 'damp off'."

But the gardener would not think of giving up without further trial, with the hope meantime of having more sunshine than shade, to help him to develop the perfect seed which he has so carefully planted. So I took encouragement and endeavored to nurse through the trying season some puny little sprouts.

As every spring approaches each lover of flowers begins to plan his or her work for the season, and after the plans are made gets impatient for the time to come to spade and rake and care for the inhabitants of the flower beds. One begins making plans like building castles in the air—building with the idea that there are no obstacles in the way of carrying out each detail so nicely calculated. And so every one begins full of ambition, and thinking there will be no difficulty in having his expectations realized.

We will build plans now and begin operations immediately. Yes, we will even begin in the fall, after frosts have come and knocked down the previous summer's work, and commence by tearing down the ruins and raking off the debris, and begin again a new foundation upon the old site, by spreading a liberal supply of manure to remain upon the ground until spring again puts in her appearance.

Quite early in the spring we start our hoed, in order to have the plants ready to grow when warm weather comes, without waiting for the seeds to germinate in the open ground. Our hot-bed was made one before and now just how long it should remain after being made to have the heat sufficiently spent not to injure the seeds by burning them up. Then we know how to care for the bed after the seeds are up, to keep them from "damping off," and after a little experience, we have a satisfactory little cover was more satisfactory than glass, as there was not so much danger of injuring the plants by

the hot sun, if we were a bit careless in looking after them.

Then we make a cold frame and transplanted the young plants that had before it was quite warm enough to put them into the beds, for should there come a frosty night it would be a very easy matter to save them from the clutches of Jack Frost by throwing an old blanket or piece of carpet over them.

We knew, too, that the transplanting would check their growth somewhat, and cause the plants to throw out more branches and tend to make the flowers more perfect and double, for let an aster or balsam come up by chance in some rich spot and not be molested, it will tend to grow all to foliage with no satisfactory flowers, whereas if grown in the same soil and transplanted several times it would have become more stocky—as the gardeners say—and not so rank and spindling.

Seed saved from the self-sown and un-molested balsam would year after year snowing the plant to its uncultivated condition. So with flowers with cabbages, we need to grow them upon good soil, and check their growth in the start in order to make them good plants.

Just as day when we had completed our flower beds and were all ready to put the plants in their places of residence for the summer, a delightful shower came up and moistened the earth just enough to be in condition to best receive the plants.

We had them all their places by the time it was dark, and the damp evening and night with a cloudy day following were all we could ask for their best welfare. There came days of beautiful warm weather with an occasional shower—just the kind of surroundings that they enjoyed—to be sure the weeds grew too, but we "nipped them in the bud" and did not allow them to get a very strong foothold.

We endeavored to give each variety a choice in location when it was possible, and the portulaca thanked us for the bright sunlight, while pansies were grateful for the shadows cast by some tree that stood near the garden.

Everything flourished beautifully, and we felt repaid for all the care and attention bestowed upon our beds, that were a glory all the season until frost put an end to their existence.

We had each of them think of what a delightful summer's work that was, and how much we received for so little time and trouble. We go a little further back in our memory and think of the year previous, and in order for a moment it is all in this world that makes some things come out all right and others wrong. We think again and decide that there is a good deal in knowing how and putting into practice what one does know.

We remember that I started a hot-bed one before and we didn't know how to manage and regulate the temperature, and a great many of our delicate plants wilted down and never came up again, and we planted all of our seed.

We had read about caring for a hot-bed, but we didn't know it all. We put our plants into a cold frame, but the weather was cold too, and although we kept them from freezing they hardly grew enough to be perceptible.

But the time came to put them out of door, and they were put out—a part of them to be immediately eaten off by the cut-worm, and the remainder were in danger of their lives from the same cause, although we did our best to protect them.

"Chokers" around the most precious ones, necks, to help battle the cut-worm. We waited for rains and warm weather, but it did seem as if our plants would go down and never come up again, and we waited for a time, and then we thought to nurse some of our favorites through the dry season by watering. So evening after evening, for a time, we watered them with sprinkling can, made from a tin can with a hole in the top, and we went away for a week and left off watering, and the plants looked sorry enough when we came back.

We didn't know that it was inducing the roots to grow near the surface of the ground, in order to get a draught of water, and that when it was withheld they were in close communication with the sun. We didn't know that it would have been far better to have dug a hole near the roots and turned the water in, covered it up again, and done it only occasionally. The weeds grew just as well when it was hot and dry, and didn't even seem to wilt or flinch a bit, but did die from our little rakes, and compelled us to resort to the use of the hoe.

All through our neglecting them for a week.

Our pansies commenced to droop and die, and we don't know the cause, unless it was the drought, but we thought there was no use of their being so sensitive, and so gave them the sun all day, and let them blossom themselves to death without removing the old flowers.

Our sweet peas didn't blossom at all, and they gave us no reason except that we might have known that we did not plant them early enough nor deep enough. Our asters did much well with coarse manure, but just as they were ready to blossom the minute destroyer bug came and destroyed many of the largest blossoms; and so it seemed as if we had to fight insects, and our ignorance a good part of the time. But out from under the shadows and into the sunlight, and I think we have appreciated them; and I think Spencer has very fitly said these few lines:

"So every sweet with some is tempered still,  
That maketh it be coveted the more;  
For men do not desire it as it will,  
Most sort of men do not desire the more;  
Why then should I account of the pain  
That endless pleasure shall into me gain?"

## WEDNESDAY MORNING SESSION.

The President called the meeting to order and announced the following committees:

On Fruits.—E. H. Scott, John Stirling, J. H. Kidd, W. E. Kelsey.

On Flowers.—A. D. Healy, Will W. Tracy and Miss Mary C. Allis.

On Resolutions.—B. J. Gibbons, C. M. Hobbs and H. C. Cain.

Mr. Cain, of Cleveland, Ohio, was called upon to give the points in reference to his Cold Storage House, in which a very fine display of apples and grapes had been preserved in a condition that left them in nearly the same state as they were when picked from the trees, last fall. The fruits were firm, showed no shrinkage, and retained the odor of fresh plucked apples. In reference to storage, Mr. Cain said that the apples which he received from the vicinity in which he was located that came in loose, were stored in bins, holding about 25 bushels each. Michigan apples, of which his stock largely consisted, were received in barrels and were stored just as received, and not opened until ready for sale. He had just closed out his stock at prices ranging from \$7 to \$3.50 per barrel. Grapes were stored in ten pound baskets, and the samples of Catawbas exhibited were in a fine state of preservation. Eggs he had kept for a year and then marketed them as fresh eggs. A building could be constructed with a capacity of 2,500 barrels at an expense of one dollar per barrel.

Mr. Healy, of Charlotte, read a paper entitled "Observation the Key to Horti-

cultural Success," and was followed by Mr. Schneider, of Greenville, on the same subject.

E. H. Scott, of Ann Arbor, took issue with Mr. Healy as to the question of sandy soil being the only suitable for fruit, and with Mr. Schneider as to the question of the style of package, he having claimed that a short package of a particular style would sell better than one holding full measure of another shape. His experience had been that in his location sandy soil was of no use, and his fruit packages which were full measure met with a demand in Detroit and Chicago larger than he could supply.

Prof. Satterlee, of the Agricultural College, read a paper on the "Protection of Innocent Purchasers of Plants and Trees."

Prof. Beal said it served them right and that they ought to be swindled by tree agents and plant sellers, as they will neither attend horticultural meetings where they could gain information which would prevent them from being swindled, nor read the papers and inform themselves. This appeared to be the general verdict of those in attendance. Wm. A. Brown, of Berrien County, said that their Horticultural Society had combined and sent a committee to Kalamazoo, who purchased all the trees and plants required by its members. He said that Berrien County was no place for tree agents.

Mr. Healy thought that the ignorant people were being borne down on too heavily, and that this society like the churches ought to send out missionaries among them, and seek to bring them under the influence of the Society.

Mr. Hobbs, of the Indiana Society, said that in his State they had a committee for this kind of missionary work, and it was proving beneficial.

Secretary Garfield thought that where nurserymen dealt dishonestly by members of the Society that a publication of the fact by authority of the Society would soon bring them to a realizing sense of their foolishness.

Under the head of "Battles With Bugs," two very interesting papers were read, the first one on "Insects Injurious to Strawberries," by C. M. Weed, of Lansing, and the other by Mr. Babcock, of the Agricultural College, on "Pyrethrum," or what is commonly known as "Persian Insect Powder." These papers will be published in future issues of the FARMER.

They contain many suggestions as to insects, their habits and modes of destruction. In the discussion which followed, Prof. Cook said there was something in this season which was very peculiar and interesting. Heretofore in Illinois it had been thought that wet seasons were destructive to insects, but his experience was that so far, this season had been the most prolific in that respect. They had made their appearance at least two weeks earlier than usual, and in larger numbers. Some insects do not eat, but suck, and for this reason Pyrethrum will not kill them. The chinch bug which had caused such destruction in Illinois, had been treated successfully with kerosene, and he would recommend a trial of it here. He would make an emulsion in this manner: Take one quart of soft soap and two gallons of milk, and boil them together, then remove from the fire and add one gallon of kerosene. This could then be reduced by adding twenty parts of water to one of the mixture. He also recommended a trial of this preparation on the rose chaffer, which has been creating great havoc in the vicinity of South Haven.

On resuming the discussion in the afternoon, Prof. Beal said that one of the first requisites in fighting bugs was the identification of the species, and he thought it would be policy for every society to employ one of the students at the Agricultural College to collect and mount a set of the insects that prey on the fruits and flowers, and have them on exhibition at their meetings.

In reply to the question whether Pyrethrum could be propagated in this climate, Prof. Beal said that in their experiments at the College they had found it necessary to start the plants in the greenhouse.

Prof. Tracy said that in raising this plant in this climate he found that the growth of the young plants was very slow, but with protection for the first two months there was no difficulty in maturing it.

Prof. Cook in reply to a question about using Paris green in wet weather, recommended the mixing of flour with it.

The discussion on "Mulching" was opened by Mr. E. H. Scott, of Ann Arbor. He said he was a strong advocate of mulching, and that this year he had used the hay cut from two acres of ground on his orchard. His theory was that this season had been so wet that it brought the roots of the trees very close to the surface, and that the mulching was necessary for their protection. He did not mulch in seasons when the snow covered the plants well all winter, but believed in mulching by thorough cultivation when the season was favorable.

Secretary Garfield read a very interesting paper on "Ornamental Planting of Small Places," prepared by O. C. Simms, Superintendent of Graceland Cemetery, Chicago, Ill., and Prof. Tracy followed by chalk illustrations of laying out in such a way as to achieve the most pleasing effects.

Evening Session.

The last session of the meeting was opened with a song by Mrs. G. K. Jackson, accompanied at the piano by her daughter, Miss Addie. Mrs. Jackson has a very sweet voice, over which she has good command, and her song was fully appreciated by the audience.

The committee on fruits submitted the following report:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the State Horticultural Society:—Your committee on fruits respectfully submit the following report:

We find an exceedingly creditable display of fruit exhibited by the following persons: T. T. Lyon, South Haven, 36 varieties of strawberries, a very fine display and deserving of special mention, not only for the beauty of the exhibit but for the comparisons that can be made on the relative qualities of the different candidates for favor now before the public. C. E. Rust, Ionia, ten plates strawberries, L. W. Frost, two plates; Mrs. A. J. Web-

ber, four plates; J. V. Michel, one plate and several branches with peaches and cherries; on N. E. Smith, one plate of Baldwin apples; E. Le Valley, five plates of strawberries; W. A. Brown, Stevensville, one plate.

The following award of premiums offered by the Ionia County Horticultural Society have been awarded:

Best collection of strawberries, C. E. Rust.

Best collection of market varieties, E. Le Valley.

Best single plate for market, Mrs. A. J. Webber.

Best single plate for table, C. E. Rust.

Best single plate of cherries, J. V. Michel.

Mr. H. C. Cain, of Cleveland, Ohio, exhibits nine varieties of winter apples and one plate of Catawba grapes, preserved in his patent cold air storage house.

The specimens exhibited were exceedingly well kept, crisp and juicy, presenting a fine appearance for this season of the year. All of the above mentioned display of fruit on exhibition, considering the unfavorable season, is exceedingly fine, and much better than we expected to see.

All of which is respectfully submitted, E. H. SCOTT, JOHN STIRLING, W. A. BROWN, Committee.

The committee on flowers reported as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Michigan Horticultural Society:—Your committee to which was assigned the duty of awarding the premiums on the flowers exhibited, respectfully report as follows:

Best collection of June roses, Mrs. A. J. Webber.

Best collection of Hybrid roses, Col. Kidd.

Best bouquet, Mrs. A. J. Webber.

Best collection of pansies, Colonel Kidd.

Best house plant, C. E. Rust.

Best floral display, T. A. Hovey.

There is one plate of choice pansies on exhibition, and also a bouquet of Sweet Williams to which the names of the exhibitors are not attached. The floral display, taking the season into consideration, is a very creditable one.

Mr. President, your committee are glad, yes, twice glad, that we came to Ionia. We are glad that we have been permitted once in our lives to visit people of so much refinement, taste and culture. We believe true happiness reigns in this corner. We know that a love for the beautiful has been developed here, as the beautiful flowers on exhibition bear testimony. We are glad to learn that the culture of flowers is carried to the school-grounds in Ionia, and that the children of the future may expect to find here an advancement in horticulture second to no locality in the State.

All of which is respectfully submitted, WILL W. TRACY, MISS MARY C. ALLIS, Committee.

Mr. W. K. Gibson, of Jackson, read a paper on "The Country of the Amazon," which proved very interesting and was listened to with marked attention.

At the close of the reading of Mr. Gibson's paper, the Committee on Resolutions reported as follows:

Resolved—That the thanks of the Michigan Horticultural Society are hereby tendered to the officers and members of the Ionia County Horticultural Society and the citizens of Ionia, for the cordial reception they have received, and the hospitable manner in which they have been entertained during their visit to this beautiful city. Also to the ladies and gentlemen who so kindly furnished the music which added much to the success and enjoyment of the meeting.

Thanks are also due to the exhibitors of fruits and flowers, and to the ladies and gentlemen for their interesting and appropriate papers.

J. GIBBONS, DETROIT, MICH.  
C. M. HOBBS, BRIDGEPORT, IND.  
H. C. CAIN, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The resolution was unanimously adopted, and appropriate remarks made by President Lyon, A. J. Webber, Secretary Garfield and others.

Secretary Garfield offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, We have with us Mr. H. C. Cain from Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. C. M. Hobbs of Bridgeport, Ind., as visiting members from sister State societies; and by their wide experience added to the value of our discussions; therefore be it

Resolved—That we gratefully recognize the value of the pleasant exchange of delegates with other societies engaged in similar work to our own, and hereby express to Messrs. Cain and Hobbs our hearty welcome to our sessions; and a cordial invitation to the proceedings of this June convention.

At the suggestion of the President, Secretary Garfield was directed to draft suitable resolutions on the death of the Rev. Charles Arnold, the noted Canadian horticulturist, and that a page of the annual report be set aside for that purpose. The secretary was also directed to transmit a copy of the resolutions to the family of the deceased.

The audience then arose, sang Old Hundred, and the President declared the meeting adjourned sine die.

CHANGE OF BEARING YEAR.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Among your "Horticultural Notes" of the 19th, I see the following item taken from the Rural New Yorker:

"An orchard had been defoliated by the canker worm. It bore no fruit that year, which was the bearing year; but the following season it produced a large crop, and the bearing year was permanently changed."

So far as I can learn, the canker worm has never made its appearance at South Haven, but we have other species of the insect world which often succeed in defoliating several varieties of our fruit trees. I may mention the slug on the pear during the month of June, and the destructive habits of the rose chaffer on the foliage of the plum and the sweet cherry. Of course I cannot take it upon me to say what effect the denuding a fruit tree of foliage may have some four or five hundred miles away, but there on the lake shore we might look in vain for a crop of fruit on the year after.

My pear orchard has suffered on several occasions from the slug, but in no case have I gathered fruit on the succeeding year from the trees defoliated. It is also well known fact, that currant bushes, when defoliated by the worm, will bear no fruit on the succeeding year.

Fruit growers suppose that the foliage of a tree is necessary to the formation of the fruit buds as well as to the growth and maturing of the fruit, consequently no fruit buds can mature when a tree is defoliated during the growing season;

and if no fruit buds, then we conclude there can be no possibility of a crop during the next season.

I should be pleased to hear from Prof. Beal on this subject.

SOUTH HAVEN, June 21, '83. JOSEPH LANNIN.

## Horticultural Notes.

SECRETARY GARFIELD says one pair of our native insectivorous birds are worth more to the fruit grower than all the imported sparrows.

J. N. DIXON of Iowa, sprayed his apple orchard with arsenic water to eradicate the canker-worm, and unexpectedly found it a remedy for the codling moth.

MR. D. C. HOMMELL, of Knoxville, Tenn., shows up a strawberry of the "Sharpless" variety that measured eight and one-quarter inches in circumference.

THE Massachusetts *Phlogothum* says that in a hot house 70x50, Mr. C. L. Goodnow, of South Sudbury, raised ten thousand cucumbers, many of which averaged him thirty-five cents each.

W. P. ATTERTON, in a paper on the care of fruit trees, read before a Maine horticultural society, told the following: "A farmer dismissed a hand because he set only nine trees in a day during his absence; the next day he set the balance of a hundred himself. When they bore fruit, the nine set by the hired hand proved to be more valuable than the 90 set by himself."

THE South Haven Sentinel says when S. M. Hamlin returned from Chicago recently he brought with him 1,946 pounds of coconuts to be used among the peach trees of Casco. On each tree there is used from two ounces to a pound, according to the size. It is considered a sure method of killing the grubs, and by some is deemed a preventive of the yellows. It is hoped its use may prove of vast benefit.

At a recent meeting of the South Haven and Casco Pomological Society Mr. Joseph Lannin related the following curious incident: Early in the evening, fearing a frost might injure his Niagara grapes, they gathered everything available to cover them; the result was that every vine covered with white cloth had all the buds killed, while those that were covered with dark cloth and those not covered at all were not injured in the least.

C. G. PARTON, who has experimented largely with Russian apples, procuring clones from St. Petersburg, says he is greatly disappointed in them, and states in the Iowa *Homestead*, that there are not enough Russian apple trees in the United States to supply one county with trees, that they are not as hardy as represented, are generally subject to blight, though a few good growers are exempt; fruit of low quality, not comparing favorably with American apples.

P. BARRY says the aphid or plant louse, so destructive to house plants, and troublesome on trees and shrubs, may be exterminated by steeping tobacco stems or refuse tobacco in water until the water becomes dark colored, then mixing with the same quantity of soap suds, and showering the plants with this from a common garden syringe. Some care must be taken not to have it too strong, and it might be well to test it on one or two limbs first, lest it destroy the foliage. For tender plants reduce the strength.

In the Michigan Horticultural report J. F. Taylor, of Saugatuck, recommends the plowing in of green ryegrass to enrich an orchard. These should be sown by the end of August, so as to secure a dense growth before winter. If later in autumn, the crop will be smaller and less valuable. It must be turned under in spring as soon as the heads begin to appear. If the straw is hard to turn it is better to plow it in the fall. The thick mat of ryegrass on the ground during winter protects the trees. A single crop is insufficient; the green manuring must be continued year after year. He especially recommends this treatment for peach orchards.

Better than \$10,000!

"I spent over \$10,000 in two years," says H. W. Hines, of Boston, Mass., "in being doctor for epilepsy. I employed the best physicians in New Orleans, St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, Boston, London and Paris, but all to no purpose. Samaritan Xerine has cured me entirely." \$150.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Began life 12 years ago under the name of **WOMAN'S FRIEND**.

Without puffery, simply on the good words of those who have used it, it has made friends in every State in the Union.

**NOT A CURE ALL**

But a gentle and sure remedy for all those complaints (no naming needed), which destroy the freshness and beauty, and usefulness of many.

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Testimonials cordially from the Editors of my Pamphlet on "Diseases of Women and Children" sent gratis. Every woman, especially Mothers, should read it. Address **R. PENNINGLY, M. D., 118 Walnut Street, KALAMAZOO, MICH.**

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**MANDRAKE PILLS,**

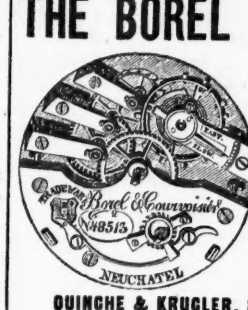
**CURE Sick-Headache, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Constipation, and PURIFY THE BLOOD.**

NOTICE.—Without a particle of doubt, Kermott's Mandrake Pills are the most powerful and most reliable medicine for the cure of all the above named ailments. Having been before the public for a quarter of a century, and having always performed more than was promised for them, they merit the success that they have attained. Price, 25c. per box. For sale by all druggists.

**72c. WEEK.** \$12 a dozen at home. Costly bottles. Address **TRACY & CO., Augusta, Me.**

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

## THE BOREL AND COURVOISIER WATCHES



QUINCE & KRUGER, Sole Agents for the United States, 17 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK.

They awarded the gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1878 for the greatest accuracy of performance, also first prize in London 1882, grand prize in Paris, 1887, and first prize in London 1889. These watches have stood the test for time. They are manufactured of the best material, made with improved machinery and finished by skilled hand labor, there BOREL & COURVOISIER COMPANY are further reduced the price of their celebrated watches to bring them within the reach of all. Great care is exercised in the finishing of their movements, particularly to those adjusted to Heat, Cold and Positions, proved Borel and Courvoisier Watches. The public is requested with those who have used these watches as compared with those of other manufacture.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S

**INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP**

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the

**BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.**

Guaranteed to Cure Dyspepsia.

**AGENTS WANTED.**

Laboratory 77 West Third St. New York City. Druggists Sell it.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON:—This is to certify that your Indian Blood Syrup has benefited me more for Palpitation of the Heart, of two years' standing, than all other medicines I ever used.

**Rheumatic SYRUP.**

The Greatest Blood Purifier Known!

A positive cure for Rheumatism in all its various forms, viz: Chronic, Acute, Inflammatory, Sciatica, and Muscular Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Gout.

An infallible remedy for all diseases of the Skin and Blood, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Pimples, Itch, etc., etc.

It restores the diseased Liver and Kidneys to healthy action, and dissolves and expels from the blood all the acid Poison or "urate of Lime" contained therein, which is the sole cause of all Rheumatic and Neuralgic Pains. Manufactured by RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., Rochester, N. Y. For sale everywhere. Send for circular.

**Butler, March 10, 1882.**

GENTS—I take this opportunity to express my











## Poetry.

For the Michigan Farmer.

## THE BRIDE.

BY A. H. J.

In the shade of a deep old-fashioned porch  
The fresh vines almost cover,  
In the waning light of beautiful June  
She stands by her manly lover.  
The look of a happy heart at rest  
Is over her fair face falling,  
While only the voice of tender love  
From the vista of time is calling.

I see the picture and so does a blind,  
And I hear him tell the story,  
The sweet old story of woman's trust,  
Which the world hears over and over,  
The clovers nod their heavy heads,  
And whisper low to each other,  
"May the changing years ever find her thus,  
By the side of her manly lover."  
THOMAS, Mich., June 20th, 1883.

## HAPPINESS.

"I would I were a milkmaid,  
To sing, love, marry, churn, brew, bake, and die;  
Then have my simple headstone by the church,  
And all things lived and called honestly."

"Queen Mary."—Tennyson.  
Cicely spins beside the way,  
In the shade, a harvest day;  
Silken rustle sweeps the high,  
Rich-dressed lady stands by.

"All so peaceful, I confess,  
Here, at last, dwells happiness;  
Say, good mother, didst not e'er  
Hear of peace, or sorrow, or heart?"

Bent old Cicely looks and smiles:  
"Nay, lady, each beguiles;  
And for me, in youth's fair day,  
Once we chose the Queen of May."

"And the maiden crowned with glee  
Stole my lover's heart from me."  
Said the lady, "Distress  
Not self-caused is happiness."

"Happiness!" quoth Cicely, "No,  
But at Court such flower can grow;  
Quiet and content, at most,  
Are the plants those fields can boast."

"I must tend the cows, and keep  
Watchful care o'er straying sheep;  
Said the lady, "Such cares bless  
Tranquil hours with happiness."

"Happiness!" quoth Cicely, "No,  
Grief comes down to high and low.  
When our earl found dearest hope  
Narrowed to a marble's scope."

"Tears for losses mine, as well  
As his losses, from me fell;  
Churchyard willow droops above  
Three green graves that claim my love."

"Death," the lady answered back,  
"Holds a joy some partings lack;  
For heart and faith grown dead:  
Not for slumber-floods back."

Cicely looks with longer gaze:  
"Thou to talk of happy days,  
Lady, with that face of spring,  
Looks so fair that love must bring—"

"Thou to envy me, so low,  
Old and poor, in sooth I know  
But one comfort in my age—  
Heaven ends meanness pilgrimage."

Heaven! The word struck sharper pain  
Through the empty heart and vein;  
Cicely heard a sudden moan,  
"Blest indeed!" The dame was gone.

## I WONDER WHY.

I wonder why it is that some  
Through all their days and nights and years,  
Gather the sunshine of this life,  
And others only clouds and tears?

I wonder why it is that some  
Dance, laugh and jest, while others weep?  
That some no woful hours see,  
While some know not what 'tis to sleep?

I wonder why it is that some  
Into some lives is always poured,  
While others know not what it is  
To hear a sympathetic word?

Think not I jeer or murmur at  
This mixture of life's bliss and woe.  
Think not I grumble or repine,  
I only wonder that it is so.

For many a heart when touched by grief  
Would back in sunshine like its mate,  
And could appreciate a change  
Although its coming might be late.

And many a life would taste life's wine,  
And harvest of each coming year,  
And many a heart rejoice to find  
Fair, ripened corn within the ear.

But long as life goes on, there'll be  
For some, rich bliss, for others, woe;  
And though I murmur not or sigh,  
I wonder that it must be so.

## Miscellaneous.

## HALLUCINATION.

The masters of Penny Royal School  
were a very jolly set of young fellows in  
the particular year when Septimus Lacy  
joined the community. There were eight  
or ten of them, all men in their early  
prime, fresh from college, wearing the  
bloom of their honors gayly; strong,  
vigorous, athletic fellows for the most  
part, accustomed to work, and as ready  
for play as they had still been among  
the boys that swarmed into the cricket  
field when school was up and the matches  
on. Septimus Lacy—a grave, sensible-  
looking young man of twenty-three or  
twenty-four—brought his sister with him,  
and took a quiet lodging of three rooms  
in the High-street of Penny Royal.

Miss Lacy was several years older than  
her brother, and had already acquired the  
formed manner and easy bearing of a  
well-educated woman of the world.  
Though not regularly handsome, there  
was some distinction in her figure, which  
was liberally molded, and graceful in  
action or in repose. She carried her head  
well, and had the free, gliding motion  
proper to a person well proportioned and  
sensibly clad. Her dress, never remarkable,  
was always in fine taste—her gowns fitted  
to perfection—she did not tight-lace. No  
high-heeled shoe or tight boot cramped  
her action in walking. Her complexion  
was clear and good, with a disposition to  
freckles in the summer-time; her hair, of  
a shade of ruddy brown, lay plentifully  
about a low broad brow betokening  
thought, and the same color haunted her  
brown, sun-freckled eyes. She had a way  
of partly closing them when talking,  
which made some people nervous, and  
her conversation was agreeable, particu-  
larly to men. It was easy, suggestive,  
animated, and there was a peculiar tone  
in her voice that was very attractive.  
Miss Lacy was a musician, and the fine  
instrument in her room enabled her to  
exercise her charming accomplishment on  
favorite terms. Very pleasant evenings

were passed there in a nice, informal way.  
Friends would drop in to talk, or to play  
a rubber. Miss Lacy would sometimes  
take a hand, or more frequently discourse  
soft music, in a soliloquizing way, which  
disturbed nobody, and delighted appreci-  
ative ears. Young Derwent Percival  
would loiter back in a low chair, listening  
silently, and musing on scenes that some-  
how came back to him from the past, with  
the sound of the weird things she played.  
Her long fingers would wander about the  
keys in a vagrant fashion, now twining  
through an arabesque, then skipping  
through the mazes of some wild Hunga-  
rian melody which made his heart throb  
excitedly, and a strange craving to dance  
come over him. Then a grave, stately  
andante from some ancient master would  
hush and lull his soul to silence and bring  
to him, as he sat there, the singing of the  
river in his father's garden as it sang in  
the days when he lay by its margin con-  
ning his Caesar or devouring a romance.  
And through all came the voices of the  
whist-players, as the rubber was lost or  
won. The queen of hearts would win her  
trick to the solemn measure of a funeral  
march, and a gay troubadour's ditty  
celebrate the revoke of Tom Brown, who  
had an evil trick of revoking, and always  
declared Miss Lacy's music tripped up his  
wits and led him astray. Then the party  
would break up with laughter and a glass  
of beer, and Derwent Percival would say,  
with his eyes cast down, for he was a shy  
man: "Thank you, Miss Lacy. It's quite  
wonderful, the effect of your playing! It  
sets me dreaming of all sorts of old  
things."

He was a big, handsome young fellow,  
this Percival—Miss Lacy thought, the  
handsomest man she had ever seen. She  
would steal a glance at him out of the  
corners of her half-closed eyes, as she sat  
playing. Once he met it and blushed  
horribly. A woman's eye always dis-  
comfited him. There was a girl in a  
country parish 50 miles away, whose soft,  
fair face dwelt in his heart, and kept it  
fresh and pure with her innocent gaze,  
which yet abashed him when he was  
beside her. He had never dared to meet  
it full and tell sweet Frances Lorimer  
that the one hope of his life had grown  
round a vision of those blue eyes of hers,  
smiling kindly into his. As Miss Lacy  
softly touched her chords, he lay wonder-  
ing if ever he should kiss that fair face of  
his dream, and call her by name, and  
touch her hand, and know it was his own.  
Miss Lacy little knew the apparitions she  
evoked with her spells. They did not  
reveal themselves to her. Only the ass  
saw the angel of the Lord as he stood in  
the way.

The other young men were not slow to  
note the fascination of Miss Lacy's piano,  
and rallied Percival unmercifully.  
"Poo! what fellows you are," he  
would cry, good-naturedly enough. No  
one could offend Percival. But Miss Lacy  
was not of so easy a temper. It annoyed  
her excessively to detect furtive smiles on  
several faces, when she passed the young  
master in the school-court on her way to  
chapel of a Sunday morning. Old Mr.  
Scatcherd was intolerable, with his  
roughish eye always on the watch for  
something to feed his sense of the humor-  
ous. Now wicked he looked, and how  
absurdly so Percival was, for a man of  
his standing! Some men were and could  
not help it, the best of men often. He  
would shake it off under the influence of  
a sensible woman. The next vacant  
boarding-house was promised to Percival.  
He would have to marry. Miss Lacy liked  
boys, and was easily at home with them.  
A home of her own would be very con-  
venient to her, for Septimus was going to  
be married, and then she should be very  
lonely and not too well off. She was a  
sociable woman, and liked the prospect  
of a lone maiden life in lodgings but little.  
Nothing would be more suitable than a  
proposal from Derwent Percival. He was  
perhaps a year or two younger than her-  
self, but would doubtless see the inex-  
pendency of asking a young, giddy girl to  
be mistress of a household of schoolboys.  
When the mind of man or woman is  
possessed of a fixed idea, it is astonishing  
how soon all accidental surroundings ac-  
commodate themselves to the situation  
by fancy. Mr. Percival became Miss  
Lacy's fixed idea. She arranged herself,  
so to speak, mentally and bodily—postur-  
ed befittingly. But all this in secret; no  
whisper, no blush, no girlish airs, no  
murmured confidence even in the ear of  
her chief woman friend—Mrs. Urquhart—  
loyal, unconventional, warm-hearted,  
hot-tempered, outspoken little Mrs. Urqu-  
hart, who never watched or suspected  
anybody, and for all her sharp tongue had  
a sweet, disarming trustfulness and  
honesty rare in women.

Now as Miss Lacy sat at home one after-  
noon, reviewing her position, in her easy  
way, with small luxurious surroundings  
denoting the temperance and style of  
the woman—the new *Saturday Review*  
in her hand and a great surfeit of roses at  
her elbow, while her shapely foot, in a  
black silk stocking and dainty slipper,  
rested in the warm fur of a huge Persian  
carpet, curled up like a foot-stool—there  
came a knock at the door, and Mr. Per-  
cival put in his handsome head.

"Oh, Miss Lacy, excuse me; I thought  
your brother was here, and I want—But  
I won't disturb you—any time will do."  
"Pray, pray, come in, Mr. Percival,"  
said she in the quiet, pleasant, reassuring  
way that always put him at ease, and  
drove all memory of his friends' jokes out  
of his head. She rose to greet him:  
"What do you want? I want somebody  
to talk to, so don't be afraid of disturbing  
me; I'm perfectly idle this morning."

There was a delightful air of the *dolce*  
*far niente* about Miss Lacy and her sitting-  
room. Mr. Percival found a comfortable  
chair so close at hand that he had simply  
to sit down in it. He sat down and felt  
very much at home. "It was only the  
second volume of 'Froude,' Miss Lacy,  
which I was going to borrow for half an  
hour."

She picked a large rosebud out of the  
sauceur and tossed it to him lightly.  
"The sweetest of all roses," cried she,  
"La France! Will that do instead?"  
What made her say this? How could  
she tell? How could she guess? Of course  
it was accidental, yet it was the name of  
the woman he loved: Frances Lorimer

was always "France" to those who loved  
her. He smelt the rose, and owned that  
it was sweet. And he felt very kindly to  
Septimus Lacy's sister at that moment.  
What clever creatures women were to be  
sure, he mused—how fresh and sweet and  
orderly the rooms they inhabited. He  
leaned forward, and began to chat pleas-  
antly.

"I have often thought lately I should  
like to ask you a question, Miss Lacy,"  
said he—"you are always so kind and  
indulgent to me! I wish I had the cour-  
age to do it now," he continued, beginning  
to blush and to stutter, and vigorously  
smelling his rose.

"Take courage," she said very softly,  
looking at him with half-closed eyes,  
"You are so sympathetic, you see, and  
so clever, and so—"

He paused, looking up to see if she  
were laughing at him; but not her face  
only wore a look of half maternal inter-  
est.

"I know so little of the ways of ladies,"  
he said, "that I am always afraid of put-  
ting my foot into it; but I do believe you  
would help a poor blundering fellow out.  
You see, Miss Lacy, I've something on my  
mind."

"Yes," she said, quietly interrogative.  
"I suppose I shall have to set up my  
house presently," he went on—"a terrible  
undertaking for a bachelor."

"Well," said she, encouragingly,  
"there's a ready remedy."

His face brightened, but he shook his  
head.

"Now, do you think, do you really  
think," said he, "that I might venture to  
ask of a lady, clever and awfully pretty—"  
(He was looking down now,  
and lost a fitting expression in his com-  
panion's face which beautified it wonder-  
fully.) "It's so much trouble for a lady,  
you see."

"Trouble?" said Miss Lacy. "Dear me,  
no! You are too modest, Mr. Percival.  
The right sort of lady will not mind  
trouble."

He rose uneasily and came nearer. Her  
heart beat a little quicker than usual.

"Well, perhaps not, if I only knew how  
to put it to her! It isn't every lady who  
would care to share—"

"Well," laughed Miss Lacy, "you can  
only find out by asking her."

"To be sure; and if you think, Miss  
Lacy—you who know the place and the  
people, and the kind of life, and all that—"

She had pillowed her cheek on her  
hand, and was watching him with curious  
tenderness.

"I think the woman would be a goose  
that refused you," she said; and then the  
door opened and Septimus came in, in  
his lost, dreamy way, and—

"Hallo, Percival, I've been hunting  
you," he said. "I've just left that book  
in your room—'Froude,' you know.  
What do you say to a walk over to King's  
Comet? We could do it by six easily."

"To be sure, with pleasure," said Per-  
cival, rising; and in three minutes they  
were gone, and Miss Lacy had not heard  
the word she was waiting for.

She frowned, and tapped her foot im-  
patiently. "He will come back," she said  
to herself, "or he will write," and went  
to the window and looked out dreaming.

"What a boy he is! what a dear, engag-  
ing, simple-hearted boy! Oh, he must  
come back to-morrow, perhaps to-night."

She crossed into her bedroom and sat  
down before the mirror. "You will be a  
happy woman, after all," she said, nod-  
ding to her own reflection.

But Percival did not come back, and  
he never wrote. When he returned from  
his walk, he found a telegram summoning  
him to his mother. She was dying, and he  
started off by the night train to London.

II.

The Easter holidays came on, and  
Penny Royal was deserted by that part of  
its population that hung about and around  
the school. Boys went home and masters  
a-travelling. Septimus married and made  
for Italy. Mrs. Urquhart departed to a  
sea-side cottage at Sanneton, where she  
spent a large part of every year. And  
Miss Lacy, after paying a few visits, re-  
turned rather sadly to Penny Royal, and  
took a tiny lodging just large enough for  
herself and her piano. Her position was  
not nearly so pleasant as it had been be-  
fore. She missed the lively, informal  
entrances and exits of her brother's  
rooms. She seldom met Mr. Percival,  
and almost fancied he avoided her; and  
just at this time her small income was  
reduced by the failure of an unlucky in-  
vestment. She bethought her of Mrs.  
Urquhart, and craved the comfort of her  
friendly countenance. She appealed out  
of her dreary mental desert spiritively:

"Find me some work if you can. I am  
lonely, out of pocket. You know what I  
can do, and I feel I should like for a while  
to leave Penny Royal."

Mrs. Urquhart at once bestirred herself  
as a friend should, and devised a scheme  
of relief. Half a dozen pupils were  
gathered together, out of the homesteads  
Sanneton, cozy rooms were taken, and  
Miss Lacy arrived with her music-books  
and French grammars one lovely spring  
evening on the top of the Sanneton coach,  
comfortably wrapped in a fur cloak, and  
alighted at the inn door, where her friend  
waited to welcome her. She never forgot  
the drive that day, over hill and down  
dale. Memory stored up every incident  
for future years. The few hours she sat  
perched aloft, speeding along through the  
life-breathing air of the moorland, on-  
ward through a panorama incessantly  
changing, the musical trot of the horses'  
feet beating time upon the white, quiet  
road, which wound along the sides of hills  
where browsing sheep lifted up weird  
faces to note the intruders upon their  
quietude—the bawling of streamlets, through  
green, sequestered valleys where here and  
there a heron stood feeding; and at last  
the sea, which lay beneath and around  
as they climbed the crest of the last steep  
hill, towards whose softly heaving bosom  
they descended as evening closed in—all  
this dwelt with her forever! She inhaled  
it like some fragrant-bitter essence, whose  
odors penetrated mind and brain  
and mingled there with the disap-  
pointments and hopes and fears that  
clustered about her heart.

The coach was full that day. Old Sir  
Joseph Osborne was inside, with his rugs

and his crutches, and his man, and his  
bag of dry biscuits, and his gouty leg;  
and a new married couple not yet awak-  
ened from love's first dream, who cooed to-  
gether on the roof softly all the way; and  
four young lads and their tutor, innocent  
planning their six hours a day with the  
classics, in peace and fresh air, and  
destined to find there was a spell more  
potent than those ancient ones could  
 wield, in the real presentment of the  
things they imagined; for here

"The working sea advanced to wash the shore,  
Soft whispers ran across the leafy woods,  
And mountains whistle to the murmuring floods."

Will the boys sit poring over books  
when the trout are leaping in the river,  
and the sea rolling in gloriously upon the  
beach in the beams of the morning sun?  
Shut Virgil up, pitch old Stubbs into the  
corner, and out into the world that is all  
alive with the awakening spring:

"On the green turf your careless limbs display,  
And celebrate the Mighty Mother's day."

Mrs. Urquhart cheered up her friend,  
and drove the pupils away from their  
lessons in her own imperious fashion  
when the mornings came that every one  
must bathe, or climb a hill, or run down  
to the beach to see the tide come in. Who  
ever worked hard at Sanneton? She knew  
everybody, and carried her friend every-  
where, and here Miss Lacy regained the  
agreeable consciousness that she was not  
left outside the world she lived in, dole-  
ful sensation in this world to flesh and  
blood.

A trifling adventure which occurred on  
one of their rambles set the indicator on  
the weather-glass to "change," and turned  
the current of Miss Lacy's fortunes into  
their predestined channel. Mrs. Urqu-  
hart, stumbling over an unlucky loop of  
the bramble vine, fell and dislocated her  
ankle, three miles from home or any  
human habitation or help save Miss Lacy's  
presence and ready wits. Sir Joseph  
Osborne, driving that afternoon through  
the valley, very dull and cross in spite of  
the sunshine and the wooing breeze,  
swearing at the hills, and vowing he  
would go to Malvern in the morning, be-  
held the handsome, brown-eyed woman  
he knew by sight approaching his carriage  
door.

"Sir Joseph," she said, in her clear,  
quiet way. "I have Mrs. Urquhart here,  
unable to move." And the testy old man,  
looking out, saw that lady prone beneath  
a birchen tree.

"What's what?" he cried, putting his  
hand to his ear to catch the story.

"Madam, personally, I am unfortunately  
helpless."

"Only the use of your carriage home,  
Sir Joseph. Don't stir; your man and I  
can arrange it."

Sir Joseph watched the strong, supple,  
capable woman, as she supported her  
friend, with the keen, observant glance  
peculiar to him. Her voice entered his  
ears without effort. She sat opposite to  
him as they drove homeward, and he was  
aware of something harmonious and  
soothing about her movements, her touch,  
her presence. Mrs. Urquhart was confined to  
her couch for some weary weeks, and  
Sir Joseph called every day to inquire  
and console, and discuss the weather, and  
talk to Miss Lacy, who was in constant  
attendance upon her suffering patient.

"You have made a conquest," said that  
lively little lady. "What do you say,  
my dear? I'm afraid he'd last a little  
under fostering care. Be sure and have a  
handsome settlement."

Then Miss Lacy told her secret—the  
secret which was fretting her inwardly.  
"I shall do better," said she, "if I can  
marry Derwent Percival."

She poured out the foolish woman's  
story with all the glamour and exaggera-  
tion of a woman's fancy; and Mrs. Urqu-  
hart listened and keenly sympathized as  
her friend revealed the troubles, passion,  
hopes, and doubts that were poisoning  
her life.

"He loves me," said Miss Lacy. "It is  
the odious gossip of Penny Royal that  
keeps us apart. His sensitive shyness is  
unequaled. Oh, I know him! I have  
studied him." She shed a tear or two.

"You are certain you are not de-  
ceived?" said Mrs. Urquhart, with solemn  
eyes.

"Decided! Quite impossible! He made  
me an offer one day which I should  
have accepted, but just at the critical  
moment Septimus came in—provoking  
creature!—and we have never had another  
opportunity. He has misinterpreted some-  
thing. I should have been a happy  
woman, and I should have made him happy.  
The last time I saw him his wistful look  
went to my heart. The atmosphere at  
Penny Royal is full of mocking laughter.  
That Mr. Scatcherd has jesting away my  
happiness, I am convinced. Ah! if Per-  
cival were only here in this peaceful para-  
dise everything would be settled directly."

"Shall I ask him to come?" said Mrs.  
Urquhart.

"Oh! no, no; do not think of it!" But  
Mrs. Urquhart did think of it. She mused  
and pondered, and at last she boldly  
plunged in to the rescue of two perishing  
parted lovers, and resolved on a gallant  
effort to save all.

She sat down and wrote to  
Mr. Percival, she flattered herself, skill-  
fully.

"I know you are an angler," scribbled  
she. "What do you say to a week at  
Sanneton? The Mayfly is out and the  
river in splendid condition. Perhaps it  
may be an inducement to you if I say our  
mutual friend, Miss Lacy, is here, invalu-  
able to me. I have heard from her lately,  
dear Mr. Percival, all the story of the  
troubles and difficulties of your courtship  
—of the proposal you made, which she  
was never able to answer. Need I say  
that sincere pleasure it will give me if I  
can aid in any way to bring about the ex-  
planation you mutually desire. She does  
not know I am writing to you. Do not  
betray me, but give me the intense plea-  
sure of knowing I have been instrumental  
in making two people happy."

She posted her letter and waited. In  
two days she received her answer:

DEAR MRS. URQUHART: I am exceed-  
ingly sorry I cannot avail myself of your  
kind invitation to Sanneton. My holiday  
is arranged elsewhere. Your letter has  
sorely perplexed me; I can only be expli-  
cit. Miss Lacy, I fear, laboring under  
some extraordinary hallucination. I cer-  
tainly never have entertained for her any  
sentiments beyond a sincere respect and  
cordial liking. I never in my life dream-  
ed of making her a proposal of marriage,

and it is, perhaps, better to say at once  
that my affections have been long en-  
gaged in another quarter. Leaving you to  
decide how best to disabuse her mind, and  
with sincerest gratitude to yourself for  
your most friendly though mistaken at-  
tempt to promote my happiness, believe  
me, very faithfully yours,

DERWENT PERCIVAL.

Mrs. Urquhart sat perfectly still. She  
was more astounded and angry than she  
had ever before been in her life. That  
she should have been duped, and that Miss  
Lacy should have been capable of such  
folly, awakened the bitterest sentiments.  
Shame, vexation and perplexity took hold  
of her, and shook her like a storm. Had  
Miss Lacy been deceived? or was she a de-  
ceiver? There were women who fancied  
every man was in love with them; but  
Miss Lacy was no fool. "She is coquet-  
ting now with that old man," she said to  
herself, and lost self-command in a para-  
oxysm of wounded pride and indignation.

The little woman was in a towering pas-  
sion. It was under the influence of this  
vehement recoil that the next interview  
with Miss Lacy took place. Its result bore  
testimony to the ruinous nature of a  
breach between bosom friends. Shocked  
and humiliated by the final overthrow of  
her castle in the air, embittered by the  
bitterness of her friend, Miss Lacy yet  
emerged from the ruins with some measure  
of dignity. She made an effort to appease  
and recapture her friend, but Mrs. Urqu-  
hart's wrath burned too fiercely, and her  
epithets stung. At the insufferable word  
"Degradation," Miss Lacy stood up, re-  
stored to her normal attitude of easy non-  
chalance.

"I make allowance for your  
excitement," she said, "but you will soon  
recover. Only your vanity is wounded,  
Mrs. Urquhart. My deeper hurt is natu-  
rally of secondary moment. I will leave  
you to get cool. We have blundered all  
around," she added with supreme impertin-  
ence.

"We have blundered!" cried Mrs. Urqu-  
hart, with flashing eyes. It was the last  
word ever exchanged between these  
women, who never forgot each other.

Meanwhile Derwent Percival, convinced  
by this untoward little incident that it  
would be wise to steer for the haven of  
matrimony, stole down at Easter to the  
quiet hamlet where Frances Lorimer  
was passing her maiden days. When he  
stood at last at her gate, the gate of her  
mother's house, a tender tremor passed  
through him, and he leaned upon the  
wooden bar, quietly dreaming. He was  
near her. Somewhere, not far off, she  
moved in the beautiful calm of her simple,  
earnest life. He had a fortnight before  
him. It was the very moment for wooing.  
All nature was setting the example. The  
rooks were cawing in the tall firs over-  
head—the primroses were out everywhere,  
delicate, dewy, and fair. Then a hearty  
voice hailed him, the voice of an ancient  
friend. Fellow and tutor of New College,  
for three years Vicar of Brent.

"Hello! Percival—I didn't know you  
were expected here. I wrote to you this  
morning."

"Did you, Brandon? Well, was your  
news particular?"

"Decidedly so—an amazing thing has  
happened—that I should live to tell it!  
I'm going to be married, you know, after  
all."

"News indeed!" cried Percival, laugh-  
ing. "What! after all your vows and  
stern denunciations of the sex?"

"Ah! that was all very well once upon a  
time, but I am slain at last, and who could  
resist her?"

"Who?" said Percival, coldly and curi-  
ously.

"There she comes," was the answer, as  
he opened the gate and went forward to  
meet Frances Lorimer, who came down  
to the green woodland path softly smil-  
ing. And so Derwent met her, and knew  
with a swift agony of intuition that never  
in this world should he tell a woman that  
he loved her.

III.

The summer term at Penny Royal passed  
by. Mr. Percival's house was full, and  
immensely popular; he was such a jolly  
beast the boys said, kept such a rattling  
good table, gave such whopping fine  
prizes. Just at the close of the term,  
scarlet fever broke out in the town. Some  
boys in Percival's house caught it, and  
the school was disbanded prematurely. When  
it met again, the popular young master  
was no longer of the company. He had  
passed over to the majority.

Mrs. Urquhart opened her *Times* of the  
17th of August, unsuspecting of the emo-  
tion she was destined to evoke. The last  
marriage in the list brought a cynical  
smile to her lips:

"At St. Savours, Paddington, on the  
16th inst., by the Rev. Septimus Lacy,  
brother of the bride, Sir Joseph Osborne,  
Knight, to Pauline, daughter of the late  
Rev. Henry Lacy, Rector of Sandon, Wor-  
cestershire."

But the smile died away as the next an-  
nouncement met her eye:

"Died at Penny Royal, on the 16th inst.,  
of scarlet fever, Derwent Percival, aged  
27."

Lady Osborne also read her *Times* that  
morning, and cried bitterly.—*Temple*  
*Bar.*

A Terrible Snake.

A new snake called the echis carinata,  
which is the first specimen of its race seen  
in England, and of which we have no  
specimen here, is attracting crowds to  
the Regent's Park, London, and divid-  
ing sensation with Oscar Wilde in his new  
sheared and common sense form. It is  
about a foot and a half long, and the  
color is dingy gray. It is the deadliest  
of created things, for it carries in its tiny  
head the secret of destroying life with the  
sudden rapidity of lightning and the  
concentrated agony of poisons. This  
king of the asps is more dangerous



## CREDULITY.

"Suppose," said the fireman, rubbing the grime from off his dark complexion, "suppose you were trying to make up time, and not a tank on the section?"

"And suppose that the water was down to 'three' and the steam was standing pat. With the gauge showing up in high G, what's done in a case like that?"

"Done!" smiled the lofty engineer, "I'd just hand open the throttle! I've run a train on a bottle of beer, and then thrown in the bottle!"

There's engineers on passenger trains that make up time on a tank. That's a matter of pluck and brains; but tell me, why did you ask?"

"Because," said the fireman, rubbing his nose, "and giving the shovel a shove."

"I think by the way the snorts and blows there's not a drop in the tank!"

And now I would really like to see a beer bottle start her pump; here's one that the section boss gave me. Now work it, or else you jump!"

## Traps.

A boy ought always to stand up for his sister, and protect her from everybody, and do everything to make her happy, for she can only be his sister once, and he would be so awfully sorry if she died and then he remembered that his conduct toward her had sometimes been such.

Mr. Withers doesn't seem to our house any more. One night Sue saw him coming up the garden walk, and father said, "There's the other one coming, too, Susan, isn't this Travers' evening?" and then Sue said, "I do wish somebody would protect me from him, he is that stupid don't I wish I never lay eyes on him again."

I made up my mind that nobody should bother my sister while she had a brother to protect her. So the next time I saw Mr. Withers I spoke to him kindly and firmly—that's the way grown-up people speak when they say something dreadful unpleasant—and told him what Sue had said about him, and that he ought not to bother her any more. Mr. Withers didn't thank me and say that he knew I was trying to do him good, which was what he ought to have said, but he looked as if he wanted to hurt somebody, and walked off without saying a word to me, and I don't think he was polite about it. He has never been at our house since. When I told Sue how I had protected her she couldn't speak, and just motioned me with a book to go out of her room and leave her to feel thankful to it by herself. The book very nearly hit me on the head, but it wouldn't have hurt much if it had.

Mr. Travers was delighted about it, and told me I had acted like a man, and that he shouldn't forget it. The next day he brought me a beautiful book all about traps. It told how to make more'n a hundred different kinds of traps that would catch everything, and it was one of the best books I ever saw.

Our next-door neighbor, Mr. Schofield, keeps pigs, only he don't keep them enough, for they run all around. They come into our garden and eat up everything, and father said he would give me all most anything to get rid of them.

Now one of the traps that my book told about was just the thing to catch pigs with. It was made out of a young tree and a rope. You bend the tree down and fasten the rope to it so as to make a slipper, and when the pig walks into the slipper, the tree flies up and jerks him into the air.

I thought that I couldn't please father better than to make some traps and catch some pigs; so I got a rope and got the two Irishmen that were fixing the front walk to bend down two trees for me and hold them while I made the traps. This was just before supper, and I expected the pigs would come early the next morning and get caught.

It was bright moonlight that evening, and Mr. Travers and Sue said the house was so dreadfully hot that they would go and take a walk. They hadn't been out of the house but a few minutes when we heard an awful shriek from Sue, and all we rushed out to see what was the matter. Mr. Travers had walked into a trap, and was swinging by one leg, with his head about six feet from the ground. Nobody knew him at first except me, for when a person is upside down he doesn't look natural; but I knew what was the matter, and told father it would take two men to bend down the tree and get Mr. Travers loose. So they told me to run and get Mr. Schofield to come and help, and they got the step-ladder so that Sue could sit on the top of it and hold Mr. Travers' head. I was so excited that I forgot all about the other trap, and, besides, Sue had said things to me that hurt my feelings, and that prevented me from thinking to tell Mr. Schofield not to get himself caught. He ran ahead of me, because he was so anxious to help, and the first thing I knew there came an awful yell from him, and up he went into the air and hung there by both legs, which I suppose was easier than the way Mr. Travers hung. Then everyone went to me in the most dreadful way except Sue, who was holding Mr. Travers' head. They said the most unkind things of me and sent me into the house. I heard afterward that father got Mr. Schofield's boy to climb up and cut Mr. Travers and Mr. Schofield loose, and they fell on the gravel, but it didn't hurt them much, only Mr. Schofield broke some of his teeth, and says he is going to bring a lawsuit against father. Mr. Travers was just as good as he could be. He only laughed the next time he saw me, and begged them not to punish me, because it was his fault that I ever came to know about that kind of trap. Mr. Travers is the nicest man that ever lived, except father, and when he marries I shall go and live with him, though I haven't told him yet, for I want to keep it pleasant surprise for him.—*Harper's Young People.*

## A Joke on a Reporter.

Mr. Finerty, who is coming here as a representative from Chicago in the next Congress, reminds me of a good story about Mr. Jack Finerty, a Parliamentary reporter of the London Herald. Rousing Finerty from his slumber on the benches, O'Sullivan exclaimed, "Jack, Wilberforce has just made an extraordinary speech." "What about?" returned Finerty, rubbing his eyes. "About the potato; the effect of it on national vitality; the great virtues of it as an article of popular diet; proved that the finest kind of men were reared on it, far superior to the English." "Wilberforce said that, did he?" exclaimed Finerty; "come, let me take his remarks in full from your notes." "With pleasure, my dear fellow," replied O'Sullivan, who commenced as if reading from a note-book, whilst Finerty eagerly wrote after him in the following vein: "Mr. Wilberforce then emphatically remarked that it always appeared to him beyond question that the great cause why the Irish laborers, as a body, were so much stronger and capable of enduring so much more fatigue than the English arose from the surpassing virtue of their potato." "That's what I call eloquence," interrupted Jack Finerty. O'Sullivan again resumed: "And I have no doubt (continued Mr. Wilberforce) that had it been my lot to have been born and reared in Ireland, where my food would have principally consisted of that inestimable root, instead of being the poor, infirm, shriveled and stunted creature you, sir, and honorable gentlemen, behold me, I would have been a stout, athletic, handsome man, able to carry an enormous weight." "Well done, Wilberforce," exclaimed Jack, in high glee; "go on, Morgan." O'Sullivan then proceeded in the same vein of bathos and absurdity, but abruptly keeping within the bounds that Finerty's credulity would swallow, until he had placed a most whimsical speech in the mouth of the grave and earnest Wilberforce. Finerty, with many expressions of thanks to his brother reporter, started for the Herald office. On his way, turning into a tavern close by the House of Commons, where a number of reporters of the different morning papers were regaling themselves, Jack furnished them all with copies of "Wilberforce's speech," and the hoax found its way the next morning into every paper in London, with the exception of the *Morning Chronicle*, to which, as a matter of course, the correct report was furnished by O'Sullivan.

The public were astounded at the extraordinary speech which, according to nearly all the papers, Mr. Wilberforce had made, and the general opinion was expressed that he was a candidate for Bedlam. The following evening, on the speaker taking the chair, Wilberforce rose and claimed the indulgence of the House. "Every honorable member," he observed, "has doubtless read the speech which I am represented as having made on the previous night. With the permission of the House I will read it." (Here the honorable gentleman read the speech amidst the most deafening roars of laughter.) "I can assure honorable members that no one could have read this speech with more surprise than I myself did this morning, when I found the paper on the breakfast table. For myself, personally, I care but little about it, though, if I were capable of uttering such nonsense as is here put into my mouth, it is high time that, instead of being a member of this House, I were an inmate of some lunatic asylum. It is for the dignity of this House that I feel concerned, for if the honorable members were capable of listening to such nonsense, supposing me capable of giving expression to it, it were much more appropriate to call this a theatre for the performance of farces, than a place for the legislative deliberations of the representatives of the people."

Poor Finerty never got over this, and with his remembrance, when a reporter who had absented himself from the Congressional gallery where he was detailed, would ask what had been going on during his absence, and was told some wonderful story, he would say: "Do you think I am Jack Finerty?"—*American Cultivator.*

## VARIETIES.

Not many years ago, when a lofty building was on the point of completion, the mason was in the habit of whistling to the laborer attending him whenever he wanted a fresh supply of mortar and, as the scaffolding on which he wrought was rather small, this occurred very often during a day's job. A joiner who was fitting in a window immediately underneath, noticing Pat answer dutifully to every call from the mason, thought of playing a trick on him by imitating the whistle, and thus brought him up with a hoarse cry of mortar when there was no room for it. The mason told Pat that he had not whistled, so he had no other alternative than to trudge back with his load. This having occurred the third time during the day, Pat thought he would watch to hear where the whistle came from.

He had not watched long with the hod on his shoulder when he heard the identical whistle underneath where he stood, and, leaning over, he saw the head of the joiner protruding out of the window immediately below. Pat, without more ado, emptied the hod right over the whistler's head. The joiner yelled and eulogized while attempting to clear himself from the adhesive mass; and, in the midst of his confusion, heard Pat shout from the top of his voice:

"Whistle when you want some more mortar!"

A good story is going about the clubs concerning a New York millionaire who owns a big stock farm in New Jersey. He has put in force strict rules about the admittance of curiosity seekers, and if one happens to get in he is soon hustled off. The other day a neighboring farmer called on business. He had never been on the place before, and entering at the gate he found the superintendent, the owner, who happened to be there, encountered him. Supposing him to be merely an idler or prying person, he asked him what he was doing there. The farmer, taken aback by such an address, replied:

"Nothing."

"Do you know at which gate you came in?" asked the owner.

"I do," said the farmer.

"Well, then," said the owner, "get out there as soon as you can," and the farmer walked out.

Shortly after the superintendent came up and inquired if Neighbor So-and-so had been there. He was the only one anywhere about who had time or they wanted very much, and they wanted it immediately. He had promised to come that morning to see about the sale of it.

"Well," said the owner of the farm, "I shouldn't wonder if I had just sent him off with a flea in his ear. I found a man strutting about here, and, supposing him to be one of these stragglers, I cleared him out. Where does he live? I will drive over and see him." Off he started at once. Reaching the farmer's house he drove in, and seeing him began an apology, but was cut off short by the farmer, who inquired if he knew at which gate he came in. He said he did.

"Then," says the farmer, "I want you to get out of it as quick as you can."

And the owner of the stock farm was obliged to depart.

A Chicago dude interviewed a Chicago editor to ascertain whether he should always on his lacy on the right arm, or keep her always on the inside of the walk, and the obliging editor relieved his anxious visitor as follows:

"This what-shall-we-do-with-our-girls business is a pretty complicated matter. There are a good many things to be considered, and the best authorities have decided that no absolute rule in regard to what arm a lady shall take when walking with a gentleman can be laid down. It depends a good deal on the gait of the girl. I have seen some shy, demure, please-do-not-say-piano-leg-when-I-am-around young creatures that would carry a man all over the sidewalk if you happened to walk them in front of a millinery store and had them hitched up on the off side; and then there are others that walk in a common little style. They're daisies. They sort of drift down the street sideways like a one-legged dog and keep stepping on your ankles. A nice, square-gaited girl, that goes straight ahead and doesn't lunge around and make you think every minute that she's going to break her check-rein the next drive, will do well enough on either side, but with the hen-in-a-gale-of-wind kind, it's better to keep them on the left side all the time, because you can fend 'em off more naturally."

A Glasgow boy had been summoned as a witness in a case before the Municipal Court. His mother took great pains in instructing him as to his behavior, and was particularly solicitous as to his doing at once, without a moment's hesitation, whatever he might be asked to. The hour of trial arrived, and Jack, in his "Sunday clothes," set out for court in high spirits. He had not gone long when he returned, sobbing bitterly. The following colloquy ensued:

"What's wrong wi' ye, lad?"

"Na muckle, I tell ye."

"Ay, but what's wrong wi' ye?"

"At length his mother succeeded in eliciting the truth:

"Weell, they tuk me into a big room, wi' a chiel wi' a white coat (head) sittin' his lane, an' a lot o' mair chieles sittin' below him, an' the chiel wi' the white coat axed me na name."

"An' I tell him, 'Jack MacNab.' An' he tell me, 'Jack MacNab, hand up your han' an' swear.' An' I put up na han', an' said:

"D— your een, sir, an' they put me out."

*Glasgow Times.*

There is another incident of Sherman's March to the Sea, told by Gen. Force to the Ohio Veterans a few days ago:

"One day a sergeant went into a country house. The planter and his wife were there. After a little talk the sergeant with great solemnity asked:

"Has any one died here lately?"

The planter quickly said: "Nobody."

The sergeant gravely said: "I thought somebody had died here."

The planter said: "No, sir."

His wife said: "Oh, yes; don't you remember, that colored boy that was buried yesterday?"

The planter added: "Ah, yes; there was a colored boy buried yesterday."

The sergeant with increased solemnity, replied:

"I only wanted to let you know that I have opened that grave and taken out the corpse."

There was loud expostulation then, for this corpse, so-called, was the plantation supply of ham.

When the late Rev. Samuel Johnson was preaching in quaint old Salem, many years ago, there was a certain member of the congregation, a portly retired whaler, who invariably slept calmly through the whole service. This at length awakened the ire of one of the good deacons, and one morning he located himself in the pew of the worthy captain, who, coming in himself a few moments later, promptly went to sleep. The deacon leaned over and shook his arm.

"Come, come, wake up; don't sleep in meeting."

"Eh! what's the trouble?" says the captain.

"I say," repeated the deacon, "wake up."

"What's the matter?" responded the captain; "ain't Johnson in the pulpit?"

"Yes, of course he is, why?"

"Wa'al, then I guess things is going on all right."

And the captain calmly resumed his slumbers.

ZACH CHANDLER had a great deal of dry humor. He was once narrating an anecdote concerning a visit to the Western Reserve of Ohio. "At a place called Akron," said he, "some fellow stole my hat while I was speaking, and left me a dilapidated specimen of head covering. I lost my gold-headed cane, which I had had for twenty years. But, worst of all, when I was at Chardon, I lost my character. It was rather curious, too. I shouldn't have found it out if John Beatty hadn't told me. You see, I was speaking there in the open air, and the wind troubled me by blowing the little pieces of paper on which my notes were. So I took up my jack-knife and laid it down on the paper to prevent this. And what do you think? That is a strong temperance community; and there I talked for two hours, with the back of that knife towards that audience, with a corker in plain sight—and it showed that it had been used, too! I might get back my hat, and possibly some one will repent and return my cane; but my character in that community is gone forever."

It is a little out of season, perhaps, says the Boston Herald, but the story is quite as good. An old and well known auctioneer in a New England city was driving by a group of school boys one day, when he received a thump from a snowball, just back of the ear. Reining in his horse, he turned about and addressed them:

"I'll give \$1 to any one who will tell me the name of the boy who threw that snowball."

The response came from the urchins spontaneously:

"One, give me two!" "One I'm offered; give me a half." "One I'm bid; who'll make it three eights!"

He drove on without any more ceremony.

Do not delay, but bear in mind that consumption often begins with a neglected cold or cough. Adamson's Botanic Balsam wins the day in curing coughs and colds. Price 25 and 75 cents. Trial bottles 10 cents.

## Chaff.

The milk of human kindness is never sold by the quart.

If the doctor orders bark, has not the patient a right to growl!

To confide too much is to put your lemon in to another man's squeezer.

No class is the sympathy between night and day that after one falls the other breaks.

Genuine "old cow" is what he called it, as he worried with a rooster's leg dashed up by his landlady.

"Oh, what a lovely vase! It's antique, is it not?" "No, ma'am, it's modern." "What a pity! It was so pretty!"

Mrs. Dash—"Mary, I want some hot water. Is there some on the stove?" Mary—"Yes, ma'am; but it's not heated yet."

A philosophical son of Erin was overheard remarking to a friend: "Have a good time while you live, for you're a long while dead."

When a woman wishes to hide something where nobody will be able to find it she puts it in the pocket of her dress that is hanging up.

Josh Billings has this playful application of saw-aw: "I saw a blind wood-sawyer. While none ever saw him, he saw thousands have seen him saw."

"Do you love me still, John?" whispered a sensitive wife to her husband. "Of course I do, the steeper the better," answered the stupid husband.

A White Mountain stage driver said to a New Yorker sitting by him, "I guess if I went to New York I should gawk around just as you folks do up here."

A burglar who has climbed up to a garret window on a ladder is arrested by a voice shouting from below: "What you want?"

"May I ask you for a glass of fresh water?"

Aristocratic ma, chatting with aristocratic visitor, is interrupted by two little daughters running in: "Oh, ma! ma! we've just seen Uncle Sam! He's upon a wagon, hollerin' drif!"

Detraction.—The Younger Lady: "Oh, aunt, did you observe what a badly made dress Mrs. Brown had on?" Aunt (who couldn't bear Uncle Sam): "Ah, that's how it was. It was fitted her so well, dear—yes!"

"A taste for astronomy," says the New York Commercial Advertiser, "is springing up among the young of both sexes." It always does so, but the society permits sitting on the bench and porch in the moonlight.

A fashionable modiste has put 1800 buttons on one dress. We should hate to wait for the wearer while she was dressing to go to the theatre, unless the whole world were to be a Chinese one which would last two or three days.

Some men are always ready to offer a remedy for everything. The other day we remarked to one of these animated apothecary shops: "An idea struck me yesterday"—and before we could finish he advised us: "Rub the affected parts with arnica!"

A Western preacher, whose congregation had begun to fall off somewhat, had it intimated that he was a failure. He replied in the following Sunday morning. As a consequence the church was crowded. The minister's subject was Adam and Eve.

"Was it a small, white, curly dog, with a blue ribbon round his neck, yet was looking for 'miss'?" "Yes," gasped the young lady in anxious suspense. "Well, Jack Adam's Newfound puppy, he was called Pat in my family. They carried her into the nearest drug store."

The addresses of a certain young man having been declined by a young lady he paid court to her sister. Said he on the evening of the first call, "You have got the same hair, and the same eyes." "And the same nose," she added quickly. He has stopped calling at that house.

Little George, aged four, saw and heard a violin for the first time. He thought it very funny, and this is the way he described it: "Why, mamma, I couldn't get it laughing. The man had the funniest little piano ever saw, and he held it up to his neck and pulled the music out with a stick."

The following good story is told of the Secretary of the Philadelphia Society for the Relief of the Poor. A gentleman rung his door-bell one evening recently and asked if a Mr.—lived there. "No," said the intensely nervous Henry, pointing up the street, "he lives about an octave—I mean eight doors—higher."

One day as a son of the Emerald Isle, traveling on the highway, after having just cut a shillelagh from a young plantation, was met by the owner, who, domineered by Pat in angry tones where he had cut that stick. Pat, turning to him and pointing to the end of the stick, coolly replied: "Just right through there, sur."

Don't Die in the House.

"Rough on Rats" Clears out flies, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, gophers, etc.

The Householder.

FEMININE "NOTES BY THE WAY."

A Visit to "Ingleside"—Among the Strawberries.

"You are to make us a visit when your strawberries are ripe, without fail," was the injunction laid upon the Householder editor, some time ago, by Mrs. Thomas Langley, of Greenfield, who is known to readers of the FARMER as the "A. L. L." of our Household Corps. It need hardly be noted that we had no disposition to disobey such a command, so last Wednesday, armed with an umbrella and fervently hoping we might not have occasion to use it, we boarded a Grand River Avenue car, en route for Greenfield. Beyond the street car track the road leads past some fine residences, those of Mr. Robinson, an extensive vinedresser, Mr. Chope, "Ravenswood," and E. W. Cottrell being among them. At the last named place there was unusual music in the air, the hum of myriads of bees from a large apiary. We were told later, that notwithstanding our exceptionally severe winter, Mr. Cottrell lost but two swarms out of a total of seventy-five wintered in his yard. Along this road is a part of the Ferry seed farm, and acres upon acres of onions, being grown for the black seed, made that which floats from the "Isles of Araby the blest." From the street car terminus a plank walk, supplemented by one of gravel and cinders, makes pedestrianism pleasant to the residents. What a "good scheme" it would be if all our rural highways could be bordered with a neat walk, so that farmers' wives need not endure the excuse of muddy, dewy or dusty roads when recommended to take outdoor air and exercise!

Mr. Langley's place is about five miles from the City Hall, and consists of about fourteen acres. The house is very prettily situated, is built of brick, and arranged with special reference to the wants of his family, which consists of himself, wife and adopted daughter, Miss Cora. The grounds are surrounded by a beautiful hedge of arbutus, about four feet high, a wall of living green without a break or a dead plant. There is also a closely planted "windbreak" of evergreens on the west side of the grounds, which with a few more years of growth will be not only a great protection, but a very great ornament to the place. Mr. Langley's success with evergreens has been phenomenal; out of a total of 250

plants he has lost but one, which was girdled by mice. He attributes his "good luck" to the fact that he went to the nursery for his plants on a rainy day, when he not only got well watered but the evergreens also. They were not allowed to dry off, but set at once, the ground having been put in what would be considered good till for corn. Undoubtedly the selection of a wet day, when the tender, fibrous roots had no chance to dry out, was in no small degree the secret of his success.

Mr. Langley's specialties in small fruits are strawberries and currants, which he finds do well on his soil. A raspberry plantation, an earlier venture, had to be uprooted because the vines persistently winterkilled. He also raises early potatoes for the Detroit market. He has nearly an acre in strawberries, "the old reliable Wilson" being the variety which he finds best adapted for his purpose as a market berry. He has experimental plots of the Forest Rose, Sharpless, Big Bob and Manchester, which he is testing with an eye to their adaptability to his soil and location. After dinner we had a look over the grounds, going first to the berry patch, where the pickers were busy. The vines are grown in matted rows, rye being cut while green and used as a mulch between the rows. Owing to the continuous rains, which had prevented cultivation to a considerable extent, some rampant weeds had asserted their prior right to the soil, but the crop of berries, though not a full yield, was yet a fair one, and the berries large and fine. The new plantation, for next season's crop, looks healthy and vigorous; the plowshare will revert the vines of the present crop when the picking is over.

After having made light work for the coming pickers on one or two rows of vines, we inspected the currant bushes, of which there are about four thousand. These are vigorous, with foliage uncut by worms, and promise a fair crop. Mr. Langley has the Red Dutch, the Red Cherry, and two varieties of white, also a patch of black currants which he complains of as producing too much wood and too little fruit. He sent this spring for a few plants of the new variety, Fay's Prolific, which is so highly commended, and which makes such attractive plates in nursery catalogues, and proposes to see whether it will prove better than the fine fruit he raises on the Cherry current.

Of potatoes, he grows Beauty of Hebron, Early Rose, Early Ohio, Snowflake, and is this season trying the Mammoth Pearl. For market he prefers the Beauty of Hebron, and for home consumption selects the Snowflake, as being best in quality. There is a little patch of wheat, seed of which came from the Agricultural Department, the rice wheat, habitat Bohemia, which seemed to promise well. The heads average three inches in length, well filled, beardless; the kernels, just in the milk, were medium size, and the plants seemed to have thrived well; we counted thirteen stalks from one root.

Indoors, Mrs. Langley prides herself on having everything "just exactly as she wanted it," and though she has had several years' experience says she would not change or alter any of her arrangements. She and her husband planned the house together, instead of entrusting the work to an architect, though the plan was finally agreed upon was submitted to one. The kitchen is back of the dining-room, with stairs between. Under the stairs is a closet opening into the kitchen, with shelves and hooks where iron and tinware, kitchen utensils, etc., are in reach, and next it is the china closet, door opening into the dining-room and a small door or "trap" from the kitchen, rendering its contents available from either room without a journey round. A sink disposed of waste water, and in the washbasin is the cistern pump. About half the washbasin is floored almost level with the kitchen, off this and down two steps is a coal bin and woodbin, and the higher floor serves as a bench for the washbasin, which puts them literally "under the nose" of the pump, and as a door leads from the lower part out doors the tubs are emptied with no going up or down stairs. A sort of "up stairs cellar" and store room adjoins both kitchen and dining room and is accessible from each; here is kept cooked food and kitchen supplies. The parlor is a pleasant room with a bay window, separated by folding doors from the dining-room, with the indispensable "best bedroom" off it.

Mrs. Langley usually has a good many flowers, but this year the very wet weather and the rank and continually renewed growth of weeds has rather dampened her floricultural zeal as well as drowned out her seedlings. Some old fashioned perennials, "constant and reliable," white and rose pink peonies, scarlet lily, sweet william, lemon lilies, and that sweet but neglected flower, the "grass pink," were in full feather, while some handsome roses were doing their best to repair the ravages of the hard winter among their tender branches.

Did we eat any strawberries? Don't ask us! If the devastation wrought were to be known, we should despair of ever being asked out of town again in strawberry time. But you may "make a note of it," that there's a great difference between berries just from the vines, fresh, earth moist, with the "bloom" all on, and fruit that has been shaken over rough roads, exposed to the sun and dust in the market, handled over a half dozen times, and perhaps had a "stra-a-bry," two quarts for a quarter," sung like a peon about it through the streets before it reaches the fastidious consumer. We spent the day very pleasantly, and returned through the usual shower, with thanks to our kind entertainers, and quite sure we were no longer "strawberry hungry."

## LOCAL CIRCLES.

The month of June completes the reading for this year of the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle," and then the members who have kept up their studies in the regular time and forwarded their memoranda blanks to the general office, can have a vacation until October, when the next year's studies commence. It is three months yet, but none too soon

to begin thinking, talking and doing something toward organizing a "Local Circle" in every farming neighborhood; for I can not help feeling that the "C. L. S. C." is a boon of literary wealth to farmers' wives and daughters, which they have only to know of to heartily appreciate.

Wishing to do all I may to interest others in this, I offer a few suggestions in regard to forming local circles and their management, so far as my limited experience may warrant. As a preliminary step, send your own name and postoffice address, together with those of your friends whom you think possibly may have a desire to join you, to "Miss Kate F. Kimball, Plainfield, New Jersey," asking for circulars and blanks for enrollment. By enclosing a three cent stamp you will also receive "Chautauqua Handbook No. 2," which will give the course of study, and explanation of "Memorial Days" to be observed by members of the "C. L. S. C." and organizations of "Local Circles."

The annual fees fifty cents a year. The cost of all the books, including "The Chautauquan," a monthly magazine of seventy-two pages, during the past year, has been six dollars. Where a number in the same community are reading, the cost may be diminished by clubbing for "The Chautauquan" and by exchanging some of the books. The books are all good; most of them will be wanted for future reference and re-reading; but a few of them may be exchanged with others, so as to lessen the expense. Arrangements have been made with the publishers, they are sold at very low rates. The time required for reading is forty minutes, daily, on each week day.

The organization of a circle should be as simple as possible; a President, Vice-President and Secretary, the same acting as a committee on programme, are all that is needful. All unnecessary formalities should be dispensed with, as this is not a "Red-tape Society."

I am greatly in favor of small circles of not more than twelve or fifteen, or even less. It gives them all an opportunity of being active members.

The programme for the meetings is varied according to the circumstances and capabilities of the members. In some they are fortunate enough to have a professional man to act as leader and teacher in one or all of the studies, and can have the advantage of occasional lectures and other means of instruction and entertainment. In rural districts we have no such help and advantages—we have only what we can do ourselves. Bad roads and living long distances apart, together with a habit of staying at home, are conditions which do not bring out large attendance at any public meetings.

The programme as carried out this last year by the Local Circle here has been similar to this: Roll-call responses, biographical sketches or quotations from the book we are studying; essays or verbal statements on different topics, as previously assigned, by several members, followed by general questions to all, by some one appointed at the time; current items from all, embracing outside topics found in the general news of the day. This last has been a particularly interesting feature, as it calls the attention to current events with the idea of fixing them definitely in the mind. Dr. Vincent says: "Talk to others about what you have read. Telling it once is worth reading it over twice."

There are from one hundred to one hundred and fifty questions and answers and also questions for further study, printed in "The Chautauquan," on each study, which we have used as a class exercise.

We have only eleven regular members, with an average attendance of seven. All have completed the required readings and read nearly as much more outside of the course. Not one says anything of dropping it, although laboring under the same difficulties, and striving against all such obstacles as are common to all farmers' wives and daughters.

At a recent meeting, the subject being "Russian History," three full hours were spent in such animated conversation that no one was aware we had extended the time an hour beyond the usual length, for all wished to remain longer.

The "Local Circle" is not necessary and must not in any way take the precedence of individual home reading to a member of the "C. L. S. C.," but it is most decidedly an aid. It bears the same relation to a person as a school or class to a student.



(Continued from first page.)

removing the upper curved bar from the foot of the lever, the plow raises the frame when passing over a buried stone, without disturbing the furrow, and the plow is then lowered to its normal position by the action of the spring.

"FINISHING THE LAST FURROW is one of the weak points in all landside sulky plows, which can only be removed by cutting down below the level of the furrow, deep enough to give the landside a bearing, and prevent the plow slipping sideways. The ditch left by this operation is not only unsightly, but a source of annoyance to the farmer, and danger to the last furrow. The 'Casaday' turns out the last furrow as shallow as the driver desires; its inclined wheel running against the corner holds the plow as firmly in place there, as at any other point in the field, whatever unplowed land remains is lifted out clean."

"Here," said Mr. CASADAY, "you have most of the points upon which my claim for merit rests, but there are some minor advantages which I might as well state."

"When the plow is lifted, the traces and runners, instead of dropping down, are raised several inches."

"In backing there is no landside to dig into the ground."

"The change from two to three horses is made by loosening a single bolt."

"The inclined furrow wheel is adjustable, and can be set at the exact angle which in resisting the side and bottom pressure, pulls the wheel downwards lengthwise of the furrow, so that it plays freely in the axle as the land wheel, shows no more evidence of wear, and can be set upright for driving on the road."

"A heavy compression spring, guarded by stops, allows the land wheel to play over small knolls and other obstructions without disturbing the plow."

"Finally," said Mr. CASADAY, "I claim that the 'Casaday' is the only genuine sulky plow made, by which I mean that it is the only plow that is strictly governed in its action by the truck and wheels, and to illustrate, I make the assertion that many, if not most of the landside sulky plows will do as good work, separate from the truck and wheels as with them, and some of them even better, showing conclusively that in their case the truck governs the truck and not the plow. With the 'Casaday,' on the contrary, the work of the plow is entirely dependent on the action of the truck and wheels, without which it would be of no practical use. If the Casaday plow was taken entirely out from under the truck and handles applied, it would be a failure, as the principle is intended and adapted for a sulky plow, and not a landside plow, fully justified in saying that it is really the only genuine sulky plow made."

"Of course," said I, "you, like most inventors, have seen where improvements could be made and have applied them to the 'Casaday.'"

"Yes," said Mr. CASADAY, "since the plow has been put on the market, experience has demonstrated where changes could be made to advantage, and I have not failed to promptly apply them. The most important are:

1st. "An attachment called a Brace Rod Lever, and which consists of a lever connected with the brace rod, by use of which the driver, in a moment's time, and without stopping the team or leaving his seat, can throw his furrow wheel up to, or away from the corner of the furrow giving him positive control over the width of the furrow slice, and enabling him to hold the plow steady on the work on the hill side, in alternate hard and soft spots, straightening up crooked or irregular furrows, etc., without pulling the horses sideways out of their natural position."

2d. "The addition of a Collar and Set Screw, which holds the Rolling Coupler at any desired angle and prevents its swinging under and catching on the bottom bar of the frame."

3d. "The Patent Jointed Tongue now furnished with all 'Casadays,' and by the use of which the following benefits will be derived:

1st. "In turning corners the team moves around with the same freedom as if there was no tongue between the horses, and turns the plow with a straight forward pull—thereby making it still easier to turn the plow in the ground, without throwing it out, which is one of the prominent features claimed for the 'Casaday.'"

2d. "Its use relieves the team from all strain on their necks or shoulders while turning—no matter how heavy the soil."

3d. "It is a positive relief to the horses, and turns the plow with a straight forward pull—thereby making it still easier to turn the plow in the ground, without throwing it out, which is one of the prominent features claimed for the 'Casaday.'"

4th. "The use of this tongue gives a plow, which with absolute certainty can be handled by a small boy with perfect ease."

5th. "It is very convenient to finish small lands, as the team can be turned to the right or left and plow kept at any desired depth."

6th. "It possesses all the strength and advantage of a solid tongue and can be used as such, when the jointed device is not required."

7th. "Aided by the practical good sense, inventive genius and energy of Mr. JAMES OLIVER, and backed up by the capital and enterprise of the OLIVER CHILLED PLOW WORKS, other improvements have been made from time to time, weak parts strengthened and parts that were mainly heavy, lightened, until now, after criticism has been freely invited and either disarmed or acted upon affirmatively, we think we have the Casaday Sulky Plow in the very first rank of labor saving implements. All our efforts have been in this direction and we believe we have succeeded reasonably well."

I was greatly interested in Mr. CASADAY's history and explanation of the plow bearing name, and while I was convinced that his theory was correct, I ventured the remark that I should like to see the plow in practical use, and as I had the day before me I suggested a trial of its merits in the neighborhood.

"That," said Mr. CASADAY, "has already been thought of, and after dinner we will give you an opportunity to see the plow work and judge for yourself of the justice of my claims."

The morning had passed so quickly and pleasantly that I was scarcely prepared to learn that it was about noon, but as Mr. CASADAY spoke, the deep sounding steam whistle of the works gave forth the tidings that the day was half spent, and the hurrying of the workmen on every hand, gave evidence that the sound was a welcome one. Stepping to a window that commanded a view of the large gate of factory, I saw a regiment of operatives passing out and was informed that something over 900 employees gained their daily bread by their daily labor in making plows at these works. Such is the immense trade of the works, that the plows and parts of plows alone are made, and yet the demand is never fully met. Before my visit I had been doubtful this statement, but now I did not in the least.

Dinner over I was ready for the promised exhibition of the "Casaday" work, and I long to wait, as Mr. OLIVER soon drove up to my hotel, and called for me. Taking a seat with him in a plainly finished buggy, built more for comfort than elegance, his fine Kentucky horse in a very few minutes brought us to our destination. The plow had preceded us, and Mr. CASADAY was perched on a section of rail ready awaiting our arrival. The ground selected for the exhibition was a neat and partially within the city limits, and was a portion of a tract of some three hundred acres recently bought by Mr. OLIVER. I shall not attempt in this paper to describe the work done, the experi-

ments made, the objections raised by me, and as my story is already long, but I will say briefly, that the work was in every way satisfactory. Three horses were first used and then, two heavy soil and light soil tried, shallow and deep plowing done, wide and narrow furrows turned, and under all the conditions named, the "Casaday" fully maintained the claims of its inventor and proved itself indeed, a labor saving implement. I was thoroughly converted and before leaving the factory I had arranged for a plow to be shipped to my address. This implement, I am glad to say, has arrived, is set up and is ready for work, and I cordially invite the club and community generally to visit my farm to-morrow afternoon when I will endeavor to demonstrate that there is at least one plow advertised that will perform all the work claimed for it. In concluding my perhaps too lengthy paper I cannot let the opportunity pass without publicly acknowledging the pleasure I experienced in my trip to South Bend, and should any of you have occasion to visit Northern Indiana, by all means arrange to call at the OLIVER CHILLED PLOW WORKS.

The close attention paid Mr. Simmons during the reading of his paper, proved beyond doubt that his hearers were deeply interested, and when he concluded, upon motion of Melvin R. Perkins, Esq., a vote of thanks was extended him for his interesting communication and by a rising vote the invitation was accepted to attend the "Casaday" trial on the Simmons farm.

Thus ends the "Story of the Sulky Plow," and if the experience of Mr. Simmons shall be a benefit to his brother farmers and interest them in the "Casaday," the object of this little narrative will have been fully accomplished.

## Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and his Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Poultry and their Diseases," "Horned Animals and their Diseases," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this paper is given to subscribers at the rate of \$1.00 per month, in advance. Information will be required to the Editor of the Michigan Farmer, and his full name and address to the office of the Michigan Farmer, Detroit, Mich., will be required. No correspondence will be published unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. No order for correspondence will be given unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. No correspondence will be published unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. No order for correspondence will be given unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar.

## Convention of Veterinary Surgeons

An adjourned meeting of veterinary surgeons was held at the Michigan Exchange, Friday evening, June 29th, to perfect arrangements for the coming convention of veterinary surgeons to be held in the city of Detroit, July 31st, 1883. The delegates will assemble in the parlors of the Michigan Exchange, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of organizing a State Veterinary Protective Association. The meeting will be called to order at 10 o'clock A. M. Veterinary surgeons practicing in the State are respectfully invited to attend. Such associations, properly organized and conducted, are not alone a benefit to the veterinary profession, but to all who are interested in live stock.

## Congenital Hernia, and Probably Fatal Leg.

WATERVILLE, June 24, 1883.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR—I have a colt about two months old which was born with scrotal hernia, a little on each side; but most on the left; thinking it would all go away as the colt grew he has done nothing for it. With a little manipulation it all disappears, but slight exertion brings it down again.

2nd. I have also a horse colt one year old, black, which was taken when about a week old with a swelling in the left hind leg, a little above the hock joint, which soon broke, and in a few days break out again in the same or a place, anywhere from the hock joint to the hip. Since weaning it has not broken out so frequently, but still remains swollen when not running and goes lame; is most lame just before it breaks. The matter is of a yellowish tint. Have thought it was the milk of the dam. She is not in foal again, and each time during the winter when the colt would get with her and suck, it would very quickly break out. I have made it plain enough so that you can tell me what to do in each case, please do so through the columns of the FARMER, and oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—In the equine race hernia or rupture, with few exceptions, is confined to the abdominal viscera, the inguinal or scrotal hernia being the most common. If by manipulation you can reduce the hernia as you say, it may be retained by compresses, kept in place by a continuous bandage crossing between the legs and over the loins in the form of the figure eight; smoothly and properly adjusted it is but little inconvenient to the animal. If you have not deceived yourself as regards the reduction of the hernia by manipulation, the abdominal rings must be very much dilated, in which case it is doubtful if the bandage would accomplish the object. If by manipulation the gut is merely spread or flattened between the abdominal wall and scrotal sack the bandage would do injury rather than good, by the pressure upon the flattened intestine. These cases usually require the aid of a skillful surgeon; we therefore advise you to secure the services of such, as an operation may be necessary. The danger of allowing it to remain in the scrotum is strangulation, in which case the colt would be likely to die.

No. 2.—To your second inquiry: You have given us an accurate description of the condition of your colt as we could reasonably expect, but it is not sufficiently plain to enable us to diagnose the morbid condition of the part with satisfaction to ourselves. We are inclined to believe it to be of a fistulous character; it would be safer for you to have the animal examined by a veterinary surgeon if there is one in your neighborhood; a human practitioner can determine its character as well; such cases are best treated by an experienced surgeon. Under the circumstances we can only advise you to keep the animal's bowels in good condition by giving occasionally one drachm aloes, with half drachm Jamaica ginger pulp, mix for one dose, repeat at intervals two, three or four days as may be necessary; purging is not desirable. Inject in the abscess with a glass syringe the following: carbolic acid, one ounce; castile soap, one pint; mix and shake well before using; once a day is sufficient; keep the parts clean. If this treatment does not succeed an operation will be necessary.

## Cause of Death in Calves.

WHEELER, Steuben Co., N. Y., June 18, '83.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

The answer you gave through the FARMER to my letter of May 25th, just gave me to understand what caused the death of my calves. My calf died in the north side of the main barn in quite a cold place, but the shed is warm and I close the door in cold weather; I have wintered my calves there seven winters before this without any trouble, but this winter when we had a heavy rain it got very damp and soft, I threw in plenty of straw every day and finally got it dried up. But now I think the dampness of the shed and the cold that caused them to lie there most of the time (only when they were out after drink and they did not have so far for that) was the cause of the trouble. The answer you gave to my letter seemed to interest your readers' out here very much. I thought I would write this to you to let you know it was satisfactory, and if you do not mind the paper about answering it through the FARMER.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The above letter will no doubt be read with interest by our readers. We have on several occasions requested our subscribers receiving veterinary prescriptions or advice through these columns to report the result whether favorable or otherwise. Such a course would be more satisfactory to ourselves and instructive to our readers. The animals we prescribe for we do not see, depending solely upon such symptoms as the owner may observe, which are often given in a hasty manner, leading to a faulty diagnosis and perhaps injurious treatment, never to be corrected while those receiving it remain silent. We ask no sympathy for our misfortunes, and no exalted praise for our success; plain facts are all we desire. The above letter is a commencement, for which we heartily thank "A Subscriber." Let the ball keep rolling on.

## Heaves.

COMMERCIAL, Mich., June 22, 1883.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

I have a bay horse 12 years old, he has a cough that sounds very much like heaves. Drive him two or three miles at a good fair road and then he will have a coughing spell and in the morning when he is fed, he very seldom coughs when he is at work; frequently his cough is with a long drawn groan, and I think it can be seen a very little when he breathes by the motion of his ribs; it has been coming on gradually for about four months.

Any permanent cure, if not, any relief? His feed consists of corn and oats ground, hay, timothy and clover; he more wetting his hay. Some time ago I wrote you in regard to a horse I had and you pronounced it heaves, and your prescription cured him; before that I offered to give him away.

Answer.—We have no doubt from your description of the cough that your horse has the heaves. The disease is incurable, but may be palliated by careful feeding. Give no corn or hay of any kind, but give instead oats, and clean wheat or oat straw instead of hay; clover hay more particularly aggravates the disease. Give occasionally in the feed at night half drachm doses of digitalis leaves, powdered.

## Ring Bone.

JACKSON, June 23d, 1883.

Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

SIR—I have a colt nine months old with ring bone on both forward feet; came on when about three months old. Please tell me what to do for it, and greatly oblige a subscriber.

Mrs. J. N. PECK.

Answer.—Ring bone like many other diseases, is sometimes congenital, though it may not have been noticed at first. In such cases the animal seldom shows lameness, hence no treatment is necessary. Appearing in an animal so young we may at least suspect, and with good cause as both front feet are affected in the same way, that the disease is of hereditary transmission. If not existing in the sire or dam it may be traced back two or three generations. We will be pleased to learn the facts from the owner. If the colt is lame, make the following application to the parts once only: Biniodine mercury 1/2 drachm, camelline one oz., mix well together, and resort to us in two or three weeks.

## IMPORTATION OF HOLSTEIN OR DUTCH FRIESIAN CATTLE FOR MICHIGAN.

SOUTH QUEBEC, June 22, 1882.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR—Mr. Mark Seeley, of the firm of Phelps & Seeley, arrived at this port by the steamship "Scotland," and unloaded 61 head of Dutch Friesian or Holstein cattle, said by good judges to be of as good quality as ever were selected in the Netherlands. The sea voyage, while a very prosperous one, was very wearing on the cattle crowded between decks and breathing the foul air of the ship for two weeks; yet when they found themselves on terra firma, they capered like colts in pasture. There were 166 cattle in all aboard, making it very crowded; but after looking at several vessels in port, I find that the Scotland afforded quite as good, if not better, accommodations, as any I have seen. Mr. Seeley reports a prosperous voyage both going and coming, not being sea-sick at all, which is very unusual. We find the quarantine accommodations, while very good, yet not altogether adequate to accommodate the large number of cattle already here, saying nothing of the hundreds on the way. There are now I think over six hundred in quarantine, which shows the buildings that some of ours are without shelter of any kind. The commissioner of agriculture is said to be in Quebec, and I hope will take immediate steps to erect more stable or send us to Point Edwards, where there are buildings and grounds for the purpose.

The Polled Aberdeen or Galloway (dealers claim they are different breeds, but it takes an expert to point out the difference) are in the majority over all others combined, there being but one herd of Herford's, two or three small herds of Shorthorns, one small bunch of Jerseys, and the Holsteins bought by Mr. B. B. Lord & Son, and Mr. Seeley. These last named cattle attract much attention by their evident superior milking qualities and their good form. Mr. Seeley found the demand so great he was compelled to pay higher prices than he had

anticipated, but would not be hindered from getting the best, as he was authorized to bring no others.

Wm. Newton of Pontiac, has 40 grand sheep here, which came by the "Dominion," and are to stay here 10 days in quarantine.

This is my first visit here and everything looks very strange, especially the city of Quebec, with its citadels, battlements, walls, uneven, narrow and winding streets, and the primitive way of doing everything. The cabs are very heavy, but are drawn by one horse over the uneven streets, where it seems as though the wagon itself was load enough, and yet several passengers are carried. The people almost universally speak French, and it seems like being in a foreign country. The city of Montreal, about one hundred and seventy-five miles up the St. Lawrence, is a beautiful place, being very clean, with wide, pleasant streets, substantial and costly buildings. Their park is very fine, situated as it is upon a high hill north of the city, and affords a fine view of the city and surrounding country. Spending the Sabbath in the city we were treated to a parade of several military companies, which made a very creditable appearance. I think the Canadians must be a very economical people, having their gala day on Sunday when there is nothing else to do.

Yours in haste,  
EDWIN PHILIPS.

## Death to Currant Worms.

As the ravages of the currant worm are now an item for consideration, we give the following, furnished to the Boston Journal, which is vouched for as a successful and easy method of applying the usual remedy:

"If your watering pot holds a pailful, fill it with cold water, and then put in two tablespoonfuls of hellebore, stir it a minute or two, when the bushes are dry sprinkle them. This has been my unfailing method for ten years. Two years ago I had seven bushes, besides six Houghton seedling gooseberry bushes, and before I was aware of it the worms commenced their work on almost every bush. Having the powdered hellebore on hand, in twenty minutes I sprinkled every bush, and the next morning but few worms were alive, and those that were living had the pulsy so badly that all fell from the bushes before night. If more should chance to come after this process give them another dose. A neighbor states to me that he gets hellebore in its crude state from the swamp, and steepes and uses effectively. Of course in this state it must be steeped in order to apply it, but as few can obtain it from the swamps the best method is to use the powder as I have stated. Ten or fifteen cents will purchase enough to clear a hundred bushes of the vermin. Let the bushes be sprinkled all over, and not merely where the worms are seen, as there will be some hidden from view. This mode of treatment was made known to me by a friend years ago, and doubtless many practice it, while there are others who, judging from the periodicals I read, suppose that the syringe or pepper bomb must be used and the powder steeped, and as this is such a task the worms are left to destroy the bushes, and others are deterred from attempting to raise what to many is a very choice fruit."

## The Flesh of the Improved Hog.

Swine breeders have not sufficiently borne in mind the variation in the amount of lean meat found in the carcasses of different hogs. The Berkshire is universally credited with having more lean than any other breed; but even Berkshires vary in this regard, as do all other classes of swine. Hence, by closely scanning the cut-up carcasses, giving preference to certain families showing liberal presence muscular substance, these to be used as breeders, the relative quantity of lean could be increased in any family or breed. It is well known that some hogs, when reduced to an impoverished state, are really very thin, as the term is understood, while others have as meagre an amount of fat as the thinnest, yet have greater fullness of all the parts, and under no circumstances do they become so lean in appearance as the others. This difference is owing entirely to the greater size of the muscle—the motive parts—and this difference is invariably shown in the cut-up meat. So it will be seen that there are two modes of making a very correct estimate of this peculiar difference in swine—by comparing animals that are, so far as we are able to judge, alike reduced, then again scanning the fat carcasses as they lie side by side upon the block.—National Live Stock Journal.

## The Great Northwest.

The great increase in travel to the Northwest, has forced the "Famous Albert Lea Route" to put upon its line magnificent Dining Cars, in which passengers will be served meals second in quality to first class hotel, for the small sum of twenty-five cents each.

The Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway, which controls this route, has always maintained a reputation for giving travelers first-class meals on its Dining Cars, and in putting on this line the same class of cars, it fills a want that the traveling public will appreciate.

"The Albert Lea Route," is carrying a very large share of the Northwestern travel, and although early in the season, has commenced to sell tourists' tickets to the various pleasure resorts in a volume sufficiently large to guarantee an immense summer traffic.

## At Eastern contemporary states that recently one hundred and twenty Holstein cattle arrived at New York from Antwerp, consigned to Powell Brothers of Syracuse, N. Y. Congressman Hiscock of New York, wrote to Collector Robertson asking to have the animals passed immediately without undergoing quarantine, to which Mr. Robertson answered that it was beyond his power. A day or two afterwards, however, he received an order from Secretary Folger directing that the cattle should be passed, and they were accordingly delivered to the owners. Now, we find no fault with the importers for getting their stock home as soon as

possible, but we would like to know why some of our Michigan importers are compelled to quarantine their cattle ninety days before they are allowed to bring them into this State? It is a barefaced piece of injustice and favoritism for which Secretary Folger and Congressman Hiscock should be called to account. We want to see importers all have an equal chance, whether they belong in Michigan, New York or Texas.

The foundation of the "American Bottom" opposite St. Louis, is one of the most disastrous of the many foods of the season. Thousands of acres of wheat nearly ready for harvesting are many feet under water. At the mouth of the Missouri the current has so cut into the Illinois shores that acres upon acres of valuable land have been entirely washed away. It is estimated that over 2,000 families between St. Louis and Alton have had to abandon their homes. At St. Louis the river was 34 feet above its ordinary height the first of last week.

## Bilious Colic Cured by Rheumatic Syrup.

WOLCOTT, N. Y., June 18, '83.

Rheumatic Syrup Co.

GENTS—A few weeks since, while suffering with bilious colic, which rendered me unfit for business, I was advised to try a bottle of your Syrup. I had no faith in it at all, at that time, for the reason that I had tried so many things, but before the first bottle was received my relief, feeling better than I had felt for many years. I know now that I have tried it, that it is the greatest remedy that exists in the world, and I feel proud to recommend the Rheumatic Syrup to all sufferers from bilious colic, for I am satisfied it has cured me. Wishing you every success with your most wonderful Syrup, I am sincerely yours,  
WALTER W. WHITE.

## COMMERCIAL.

### DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, July 3, 1883.

Flour.—Receipts for the week, 1,231 bbl., against 2,119 bbl. last week, and the shipments were 2,505 bbl. There is no change in the price, and the market rules steady under an improved demand. So far the decline in wheat has not affected values. Quotations yesterday were as follows:

Roller process	50.00	65.00
Winter wheat, city brands	4.00	65.00
Winter wheat, country	3.50	60.00
Winter wheat	6.00	60.00
Minnesota brands	6.00	60.00
Minnesota brands	7.00	60.00
Rye flour	6.00	60.00

Wheat.—The market opened brisk yesterday morning for spot wheat, but under depressing reports from other points later in the day declined below Saturday's closing figures. Chicago was unsettled and weak, and New York also. Closing quotations here were as follows: No. 1 white, \$1.04; No. 2 white, \$1.03; No. 3 white, \$1.02; No. 4 white, \$1.01; No. 5 white, \$1.00; No. 6 white, \$0.99; No. 7 white, \$0.98; No. 8 white, \$0.97; No. 9 white, \$0.96; No. 10 white, \$0.95; No. 11 white, \$0.94; No. 12 white, \$0.93; No. 13 white, \$0.92; No. 14 white, \$0.91; No. 15 white, \$0.90; No. 16 white, \$0.89; No. 17 white, \$0.88; No. 18 white, \$0.87; No. 19 white, \$0.86; No. 20 white, \$0.85; No. 21 white, \$0.84; No. 22 white, \$0.83; No. 23 white, \$0.82; No. 24 white, \$0.81; No. 25 white, \$0.80; No. 26 white, \$0.79; No. 27 white, \$0.78; No. 28 white, \$0.77; No. 29 white, \$0.76; No. 30 white, \$0.75; No. 31 white, \$0.74; No. 32 white, \$0.73; No. 33 white, \$0.72; No. 34 white, \$0.71; No. 35 white, \$0.70; No. 36 white, \$0.69; No. 37 white, \$0.68; No. 38 white, \$0.67; No. 39 white, \$0.66; No. 40 white, \$0.65; No. 41 white, \$0.64; No. 42 white, \$0.63; No. 43 white, \$0.62; No. 44 white, \$0.61; No. 45 white, \$0.60; No. 46 white, \$0.59; No. 47 white, \$0.58; No. 48 white, \$0.57; No. 49 white, \$0.56; No. 50 white, \$0.55; No. 51 white, \$0.54; No. 52 white, \$0.53; No. 53 white, \$0.52; No. 54 white, \$0.51; No. 55 white, \$0.50; No. 56 white, \$0.49; No. 57 white, \$0.48; No. 58 white, \$0.47; No. 59 white, \$0.46; No. 60 white, \$0.45; No. 61 white, \$0.44; No. 62 white, \$0.43; No. 63 white, \$0.42; No. 64 white, \$0.41; No. 65 white, \$0.40; No. 66 white, \$0.39; No. 67 white, \$0.38; No. 68 white, \$0.37; No. 69 white, \$0.36; No. 70 white, \$0.35; No. 71 white, \$0.34; No. 72 white, \$0.33; No. 73 white, \$0.32; No. 74 white, \$0.31; No. 75 white, \$0.30; No. 76 white, \$0.29; No. 77 white, \$0.28; No. 78 white, \$0.27; No. 79 white, \$0.26; No. 80 white, \$0.25; No. 81 white, \$0.24; No. 82 white, \$0.23; No. 83 white, \$0.22; No. 84 white, \$0.21; No. 85 white, \$0.20; No. 86 white, \$0.19; No. 87 white, \$0.18; No. 88 white, \$0.17; No. 89 white, \$0.16; No. 90 white, \$0.15; No. 91 white, \$0.14; No. 92 white, \$0.13; No. 93 white, \$0.12; No. 94 white, \$0.11; No. 95 white, \$0.10; No. 96 white, \$0.09; No. 97 white, \$0.08; No. 98 white, \$0.07; No. 99 white, \$0.06; No. 100 white, \$0.05; No. 101 white, \$0.04; No. 102 white, \$0.03; No. 103 white, \$0.02; No. 104 white, \$0.01; No. 105 white, \$0.00; No. 106 white, \$0.00; No. 107 white, \$0.00; No. 108 white, \$0.00; No. 109 white, \$0.00; No. 110 white, \$0.00; No. 111 white, \$0.00; No. 112 white, \$0.00; No. 113 white, \$0.00; No. 114 white, \$0.00; No. 115 white, \$0.00; No. 116 white, \$0.00; No. 117 white, \$0.00; No. 118 white, \$0.00; No. 119 white, \$0.00; No. 120 white, \$0.00; No. 121 white, \$0.00; No. 122 white, \$0.00; No. 123 white, \$0.00; No. 124 white, \$0.00; No. 125 white, \$0.00; No. 126 white, \$0.00; No. 127 white, \$0.00; No. 128 white, \$0.00; No. 129 white, \$0.00; No. 130 white, \$0.00; No. 131 white, \$0.00; No. 132 white, \$0.00; No. 133 white, \$0.00; No. 134 white, \$0.00; No. 135 white, \$0.00; No. 136 white, \$0.00; No. 137 white, \$0.00; No. 138 white, \$0.00; No. 139 white, \$0.00; No. 140 white, \$0.00; No. 141 white, \$0.00; No. 142 white, \$0.00; No. 143 white, \$0.00; No. 144 white, \$0.00; No. 145 white, \$0.00; No. 146 white, \$0.00; No. 147 white, \$0.00; No. 148 white, \$0.00; No. 149 white, \$0.00; No. 150 white, \$0.00; No. 151 white, \$0.00; No. 152 white, \$0.00; No. 153 white, \$0.00; No. 154 white, \$0.00; No. 155 white, \$0.00; No. 156 white, \$0.00; No. 157 white, \$0.00; No. 158 white, \$0.00; No. 159 white, \$0.00; No. 160 white, \$0.00; No. 161 white, \$0.00; No. 162 white, \$0.00; No. 163 white, \$0.00; No. 164 white, \$0.00; No. 165 white, \$0.00; No. 166 white, \$0.00; No. 167 white, \$0.00; No. 168 white, \$0.00; No. 169 white, \$0.00; No. 170 white, \$0.00; No. 171 white, \$0.00; No. 172 white, \$0.00; No. 173 white, \$0.00; No. 174 white, \$0.00; No. 175 white, \$0.00; No. 176 white, \$0.00; No. 177 white, \$0.00; No. 178 white, \$0.00; No. 179 white, \$0.00; No. 180 white, \$0.00; No. 181 white, \$0.00; No. 182 white, \$0.00; No. 183 white, \$0.00; No. 184 white, \$0.00; No. 185 white, \$0.00; No. 186 white, \$0.00; No. 187 white, \$0.00; No. 188 white, \$0.00; No. 189 white, \$0.00; No. 190 white, \$0.00; No. 191 white, \$0.00; No. 192 white, \$0.00; No. 193 white, \$0.00; No. 194 white, \$0.00; No. 195 white, \$0.00; No. 196 white, \$0.00; No. 197 white, \$0.00; No. 198 white, \$0.00; No. 199 white, \$0.00; No. 200 white, \$0.00; No. 201 white, \$0.00; No. 202 white, \$0.00; No. 203 white, \$0.00; No. 204 white, \$0.00; No. 205 white, \$0.00; No. 206